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The secret of a 'dry martini'

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THE SPHERE

LONDON, August 12, 1961

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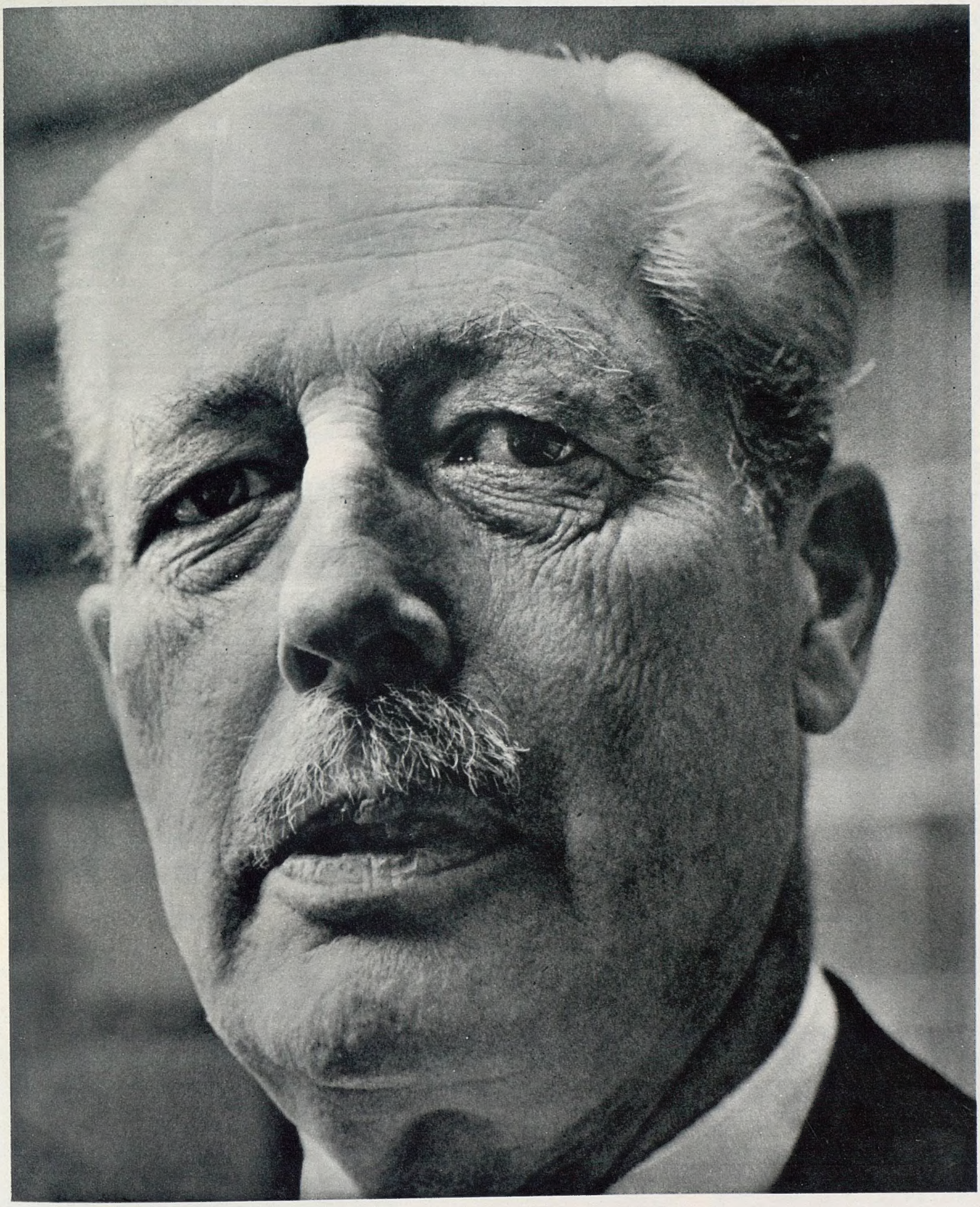

ON THE DAY OF DECISION

The photograph was taken as Mr. Macmillan was leaving Admiralty House, in Whitehall, for the House of Commons to open the debate on the Common Market. The Government asked for support for its momentous decision that Britain should apply to join the European Economic Community. In what was generally considered one of his finest speeches, the Prime Minister assured the House that no agreement affecting the special interests of the U.K., the Commonwealth or the European Free Trade Association would be made without the approval of Parliament and consultation with the Commonwealth. He also declared that if Britain sought to remain isolated from Western Europe the consequences might be disastrous for the country. At the end of the debate the vote in favour of the Government's decision was 313 to 5 (one Conservative and four Labour Independents). The Opposition, as expected, abstained and so did a small number of Conservatives

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A PAINTED CEILING AT WINDSOR RECOVERS ITS ORIGINAL SPLENDOUR

The restoration has recently been completed of the painted ceiling in the Queen's Audience Chamber in Windsor Castle. Painted by Antonio Verrio in 1678 and measuring 45ft. by 31ft., the ceiling depicts Catherine of Braganza, Charles II's Queen, being towed in a chariot (in centre) by swans to the Temple of Virtue, with goddesses and other allegorical figures in attendance. Damp seeped through the roof and ceiling two years ago and seriously damaged the painting. Mr. J. E. Meade, an expert of the Ministry of Works, carried out the restoration and used some of Verrio's own methods of employing colours in reconstructing the damaged portions. Mr. Meade also removed the evidence of a restoration in the reign of William IV, when harsh, strong solvents impaired the beauty of the painting. Today it has recovered its original brightness and luminosity

Below right: Mr. Gavin Astor, Chairman of the Council of the Commonwealth Press Union and Chairman of the Times Publishing Co., presents a bouquet to the retiring Indian High Commissioner to the U.K. The occasion was a reception at India House, in London, for representatives of the Press to bid farewell to Mrs. Pandit. She is due to leave for India on August 14. Mrs. Pandit, the sister of Mr. Nehru, was appointed High Commissioner in London and the Indian Ambassador to Ireland seven years ago

FLOWERS FOR MRS. PANDIT

Far right: At his residence in London, Dr. Ramsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, greets the Venerable U. Kouida Mahathera, a Buddhist monk from Rangoon. In the centre is the Rev. G. Appleton, Vicar of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, in the City of London. The visitor was one of a party of Burmese on a goodwill mission to Great Britain who paid a courtesy call on the Archbishop and his wife

A BUDDHIST VISITS LAMBETH PALACE

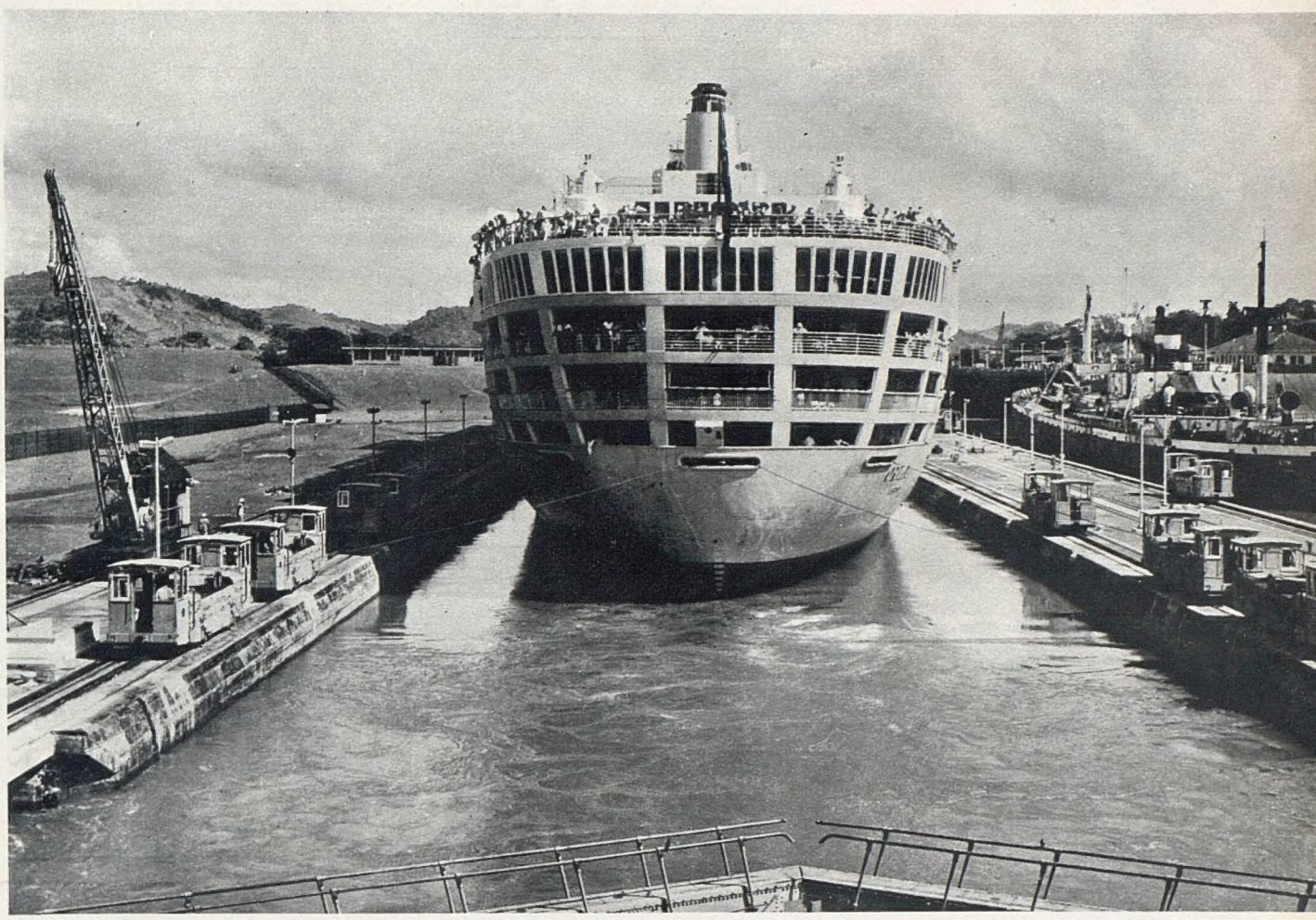
A HOLIDAY SPECIAL TO THE EAST

Above: Some of a party of 120 schoolchildren are seen before boarding the "children's special," a Boeing 707 jet airliner of Air-India, at London Airport. The children were travelling to join their parents in the East for the summer holidays. Special catering arrangements were made on board and the airliner carried games to amuse the children

Right: Members of the Essex Gliding Club gather round a glider at the Club's new permanent headquarters at the now inactive R.A.F. station at North Weald, Essex. The Air Ministry have also given permission for the Gliding Club to use the large clubhouse at the former fighter station which was famous as a wartime base in the Battle of Britain

A GLIDING CLUB GIVEN A NEW HOME IN ESSEX

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST LINERS IN THE PANAMA CANAL

The *Oriana*, the 42,000-ton liner of the P & O-Orient Lines, passes along the canal in Central America. The "trams" running on rails along the banks control and tow her. She was homeward bound to Southampton and it was her first voyage through the canal. *Oriana* was believed to be the largest merchant vessel to pass through it for over twenty years. The United States rights over the canal were the subject of a dispute between the U.S.A. and Panama in the autumn of 1959 and there were anti-American riots in the Zone. Tension was eased last September when Washington agreed that the flag of Panama should be flown side by side with the Stars and Stripes in the Zone, as evidence of Panama's "titular sovereignty"

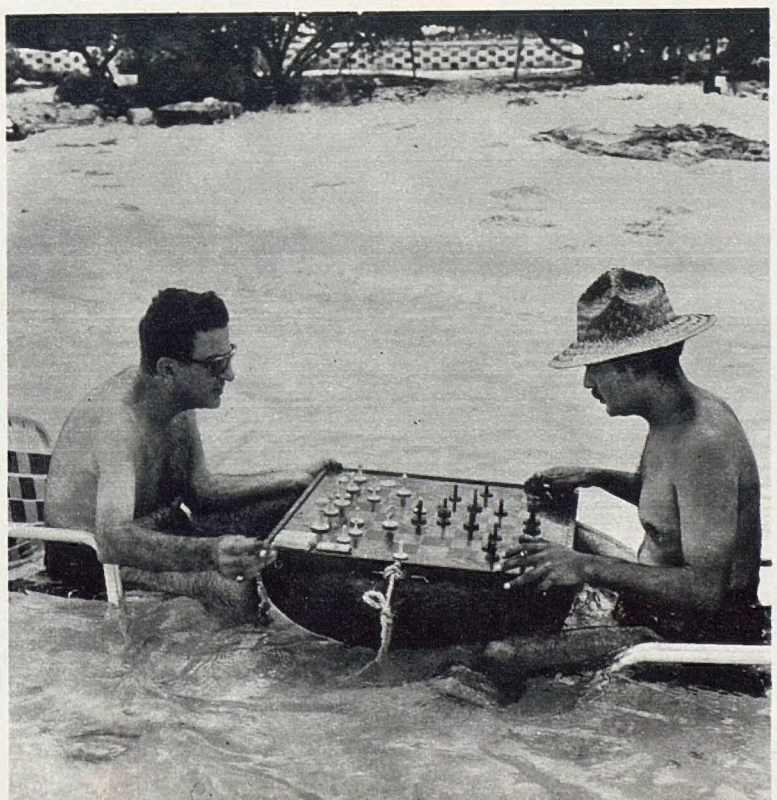
DR. NKRUMAH IN EAST BERLIN

The President of Ghana speaks at a reception given for him by the East German Government. At right is Herr Bruno Leuschner, a Deputy Prime Minister and Chairman of the East German State Planning Commission. Dr. Nkrumah had just arrived from Prague and his visit to East Berlin was part of his tour of Russia, the Satellites and Yugoslavia. He told his German hosts that the purpose of his visit to Communist states was "to seek trade, not aid." In East Berlin he received a degree at the Humboldt University

U.A.R. HONOURS A SHEIKH

Far right: President Nasser presents the Collar of the United Arab Republic to Sheikh Ali bin Abdullah Al Thani, the ruler of Qatar, at a ceremony in Alexandria. The Sheikh was on an official visit to the U.A.R. Qatar is one of the Persian Gulf States which is in special treaty relations with Britain

PLAYING IT COOL IN MEXICO

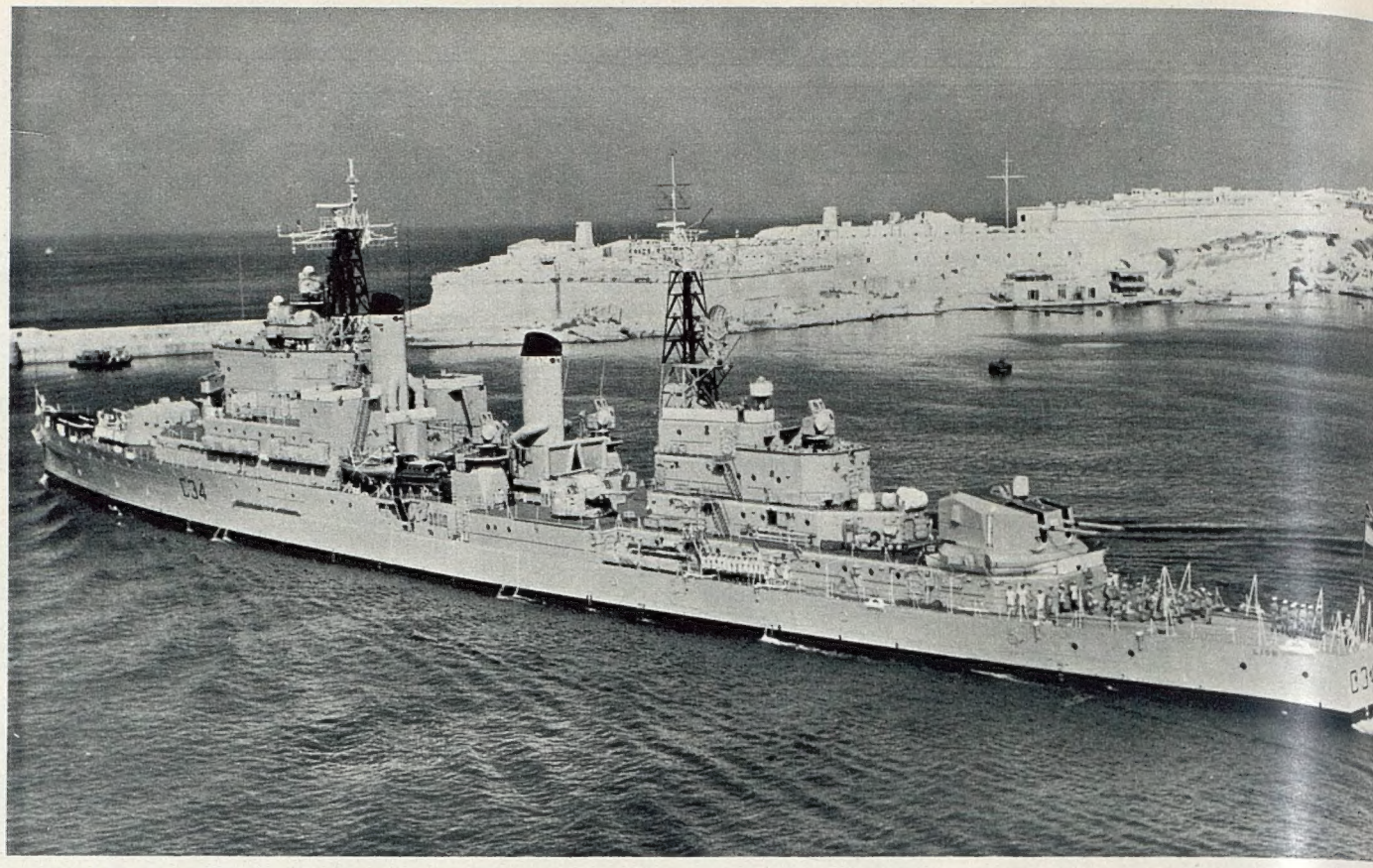


Eduardo Jurado (left), a Mexican painter, and Ilya Chamberlain sit in the surf off the beach at Cozumel to play a game of chess, unaffected by the prevailing heat. The board is placed beween them on an inflated motor tyre

A COMPLAINT AT THE U.N.

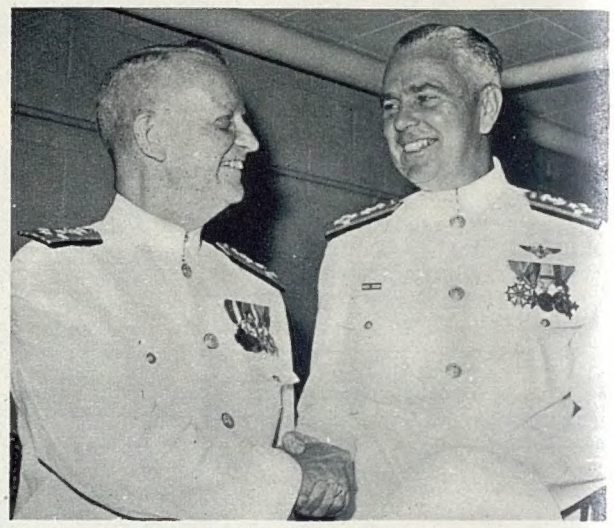
Far right: Mr. Berard Menemencioglu (left), the Turkish delegate, and M. Mongy Slim, the delegate of Tunisia, discuss a Tunisian complaint against France over Bizerta before it is brought before the Security Council in New York. The complaint failed to obtain the required majority. In the middle of last week moves were reportedly being made by Senegal to mediate between France and Tunisia in their Bizerta dispute. President Senghor of Senegal was in Paris and was understood to have sent a special envoy to President Bourguiba in Tunis

The Royal Naval "Tiger" class cruiser heads out of Valletta harbour for the open sea. She had been repainted in Malta, having come from Gibraltar where she had been given a self-maintenance refit. *Lion* was bound for the Adriatic and Trieste on the second part of the Mediterranean Fleet's summer cruise. The "Tiger" class ships were laid down during the war but work on them was stopped in 1946 and not restarted until 1954. H.M.S. *Lion* was completed a year ago. Like the other two in her class she has a totally enclosed bridge. A 200-line automatic telephone exchange facilitates internal communications. **Below:** Another ship leaves Grand Harbour, the freighter *Ananyev*, from Russia, on her way from the Black Sea to Tunis



H.M.S. *LION* LEAVES MALTA AFTER REFITTING AND REPAINTING

A SOVIET FREIGHTER IN VALLETTA HARBOUR



CHANGE IN U.S. NAVAL COMMAND

Admiral George W. Anderson (right) is congratulated on assuming his duties as United States Chief of Naval Operations by his predecessor, Admiral Arleigh Burke, at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Admiral Anderson had just been sworn-in to his new post. He is aged fifty-four and was formerly in command of the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. Admiral Burke, who will be 61 next October, has retired from active duty after thirty-eight years' service. He was appointed chief of Naval Operations in 1955

The reviewing officer, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, inspects the ranks at the passing-out parade of first-year cadets of the Metropolitan Police Corps at Hendon Training School, in North-West London. Viscount Montgomery presented a shield to seventeen-year-old John Hoddinott, of Romsey, Hampshire, as the outstanding cadet of the year

PASSING-OUT PARADE AT HENDON

Far right: At the passing-out parade of the seventy-ninth entry of cadets at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, in Lincolnshire, General Paul Stehlin, the French Chief of Air Staff, presents the R. M. Groves and Kinkead Trophy to Senior Under-Officer N. R. Hayward, of Ilford, Essex. He won seven out of the ten awards presented, including the Sword of Honour awarded annually to the best all-round cadet of the intake

TOP R.A.F. CADET AT CRANWELL

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A HOLY SEASON FOR BUDDHISTS IN BURMA

Kneeling in the famous Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon, a woman holds up an offering of food. She is following the religious observances of Wazo, a season especially holy among Buddhists. Wazo is concurrent with the rainy season which lasts until November, and it is customary for offerings to be made in temples in thanks for the rains which water the land. During this time travel is difficult and the Buddhist monks retire into their monasteries for prayer, meditation and study. Burma has a population of around 20,000,000. The constitution recognises Buddhism as "the faith professed by the great majority of the citizens"

Below right: At the opening of an exhibition of guide-books for tourists in Britain, at Charing Cross Underground Station, Sir John Simpson, Comptroller of the Stationery Office (left), is seen with Mr. R. Thompson, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works, as they explain items of interest in one of the guide-books to a young visitor. The exhibition will be open until August 26

LONDON EXHIBITION OF GUIDE-BOOKS TO BRITAIN

Far right: Mr. Chester Bowles, the United States Under-Secretary of State, talks with President Makarios and Vice-President Kutchuk at a reception in Nicosia to mark the opening of the United States regional diplomatic conference there. At the meeting U.S. diplomatists from twenty-one North African and Middle East states were addressed by Mr. Bowles

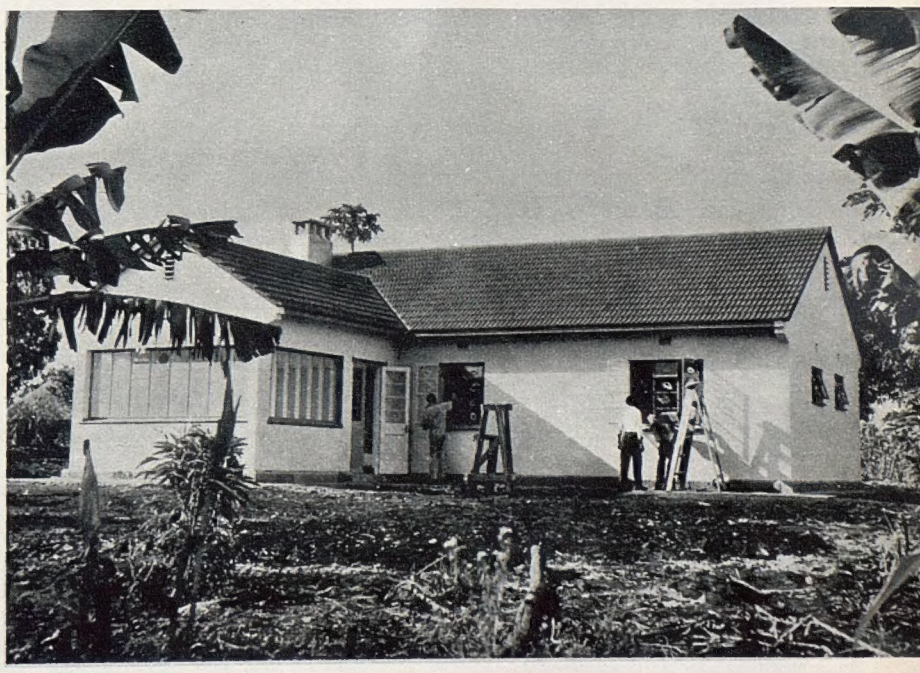
U.S. UNDER-SECRETARY IN CYPRUS

Mr. Cyrille Adoula, the new Prime Minister of the Congolese Central Government, received a vote of confidence from the Congolese Parliament meeting at Lovanium University, near Leopoldville, last week. Mr. Antoine Gizenga, the Lumumbist leader of Stanleyville, was made one of the three Deputy Premiers. The attitude of Katanga's President Tshombe towards the new Leopoldville régime had still to be clarified

CONGO'S NEW PREMIER

Far right: Work proceeds on the new house being built by the Kenya Government for Mr. Jomo Kenyatta at Kiambe. The statement announcing his freedom from all remaining restrictions on his movements indicated that he should move there about the middle of this month. Jomo Kenyatta was sentenced to seven years for complicity in the Mau Mau terrorism in 1953. He was released in 1959 but his movements were restricted

THE NEW HOME FOR KENYA'S MOST IMPORTANT AFRICAN

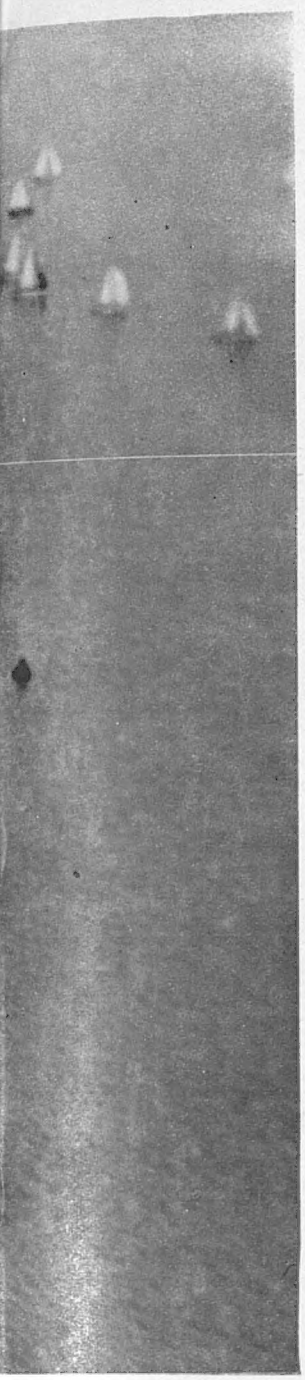


In a general view of Cowes Regatta, yachts surround the cruiser H.M.S. *Tiger*, this year's guard ship for the Royal yacht *Britannia*

The Duke of Edinburgh at *Bluebottle's* helm in the Dragon-Class race of t

Left: Princess Alexandra is given a sailing lesson by Mr. Geoffrey Budden

ROYAL VISITORS AT COWES



Royal Yacht Squadron's Regatta

The Flying Fifteen yacht *Coweslip*

The Duke of Edinburgh and Mr. Uffa Fox sail past the stern of H.M.S. *Tiger*. Prince Michael of Kent also took part in some of the races

For Cowes Week this year the Duke of Edinburgh was joined in the Royal yacht *Britannia* by Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael of Kent. Both the Duke and Prince Michael participated in some of the races. During the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, the former, sailing in *Bluebottle*, went aground for a short time. Until then he had been leading in the race. Eventually *Bluebottle* came seventh in her class. Princess Alexandra was given her first lessons in sailing on the Solent. She went out in *Coweslip* in a choppy sea and a fresh breeze with Mr. Geoffrey Budden, a Havant schoolmaster, as her tutor. He is a member of the Island Sailing Club of Cowes. Reports from correspondents who watched the Princess handling the yacht stated that she showed herself a competent helmswoman. Besides enjoying themselves on the water the Royal visitors had a busy round of social engagements on land.

JOHN CONNELL

THE COMMUNISTS' CHARTER

In the strife of politics, I learned a good many years ago, it is perilous to under-rate your opponent, and to be ignorant or contemptuous of his ideas and aspirations. This is as true on the international plane as in the borough council committee room. It is essential to realise that your opponent's intellectual capacities and the sincerity of his intentions certainly match yours and may be greater.

For far too long we in the West knew little or nothing about the Soviet Union. This was not entirely our fault, for Stalin retained the first-generation revolutionary's grim secretiveness to the end. But the little which we thought we knew led us, in peace and war, gravely to underrate Russian purposes and achievements. Now in what is, by comparison, a perpetual blaze of publicity, we have swung round towards awe, resentment and fear. One of the fundamental axioms of our society, the belief in the healthiness of free competition, has been deftly turned —some would say distorted—against us; and we do not enjoy the process. The Communists attach the greatest importance, in theory and over a steadily extending range of human activities, to their idea of competitive coexistence. Mr. Khrushchev spoke with complete seriousness when he announced his intention of seeing us into our graves, even if it was not one of his happier metaphors. He believes that his system will prevail in the end, not by the use of thermonuclear weapons (for which he has the most obvious distaste), but because it is better, and more practically efficient, than ours.

He and his colleagues have now given a full-length, massively detailed exposition of their beliefs and their aims in the third Communist Party

Refugees from Communism. East Germans, who have been escaping in increasing numbers to West Berlin, queue to register at the refugee camp in Marienfelde

programme, which was published in *Pravda* on July 30. Its predecessors were drawn up, the first by Russian exiles in London and Brussels in 1903, the second at a party congress in Moscow in 1919.

The political shape of the world has changed out of all recognition in the forty-two years that have elapsed since the last formal statement of Communist aims; but there is a formidably tenacious continuity about them. They may, in the ultimate analysis be illusory—I believe they are—but in view of the Soviet Union's position in the world today, which is far from being unrelated to Communist theory, we should be very foolish if we dismissed the programme as the same old mixture.

Phrased admittedly in the rather daunting vocabulary of orthodox Marxism-Leninism (thank goodness it is no longer necessary to add Stalinism to this unwieldy, hyphenated verbal monstrosity), this is Communism, Moscow model, up to date. Moscow model, you will notice, *not* Pekin model. The programme is in every line an unequivocal reassertion of the Russian claim to theoretical and practical leadership in the Communist world. Khrushchev will no more brook a rival Pope than he will tolerate heresy; but the challenge to China is implicit, while the denunciations of Yugoslavia are outspoken and forceful. " Revisionism, right opportunism," the document proclaims, " as a reflection of bourgeois influence, is the chief danger within the Communist movement today. The ideology of revisionism is most fully embodied in the programme of the League of Communists of Yugoslavia."

Communism, of course, creates its own mythology. Tito is therefore paid the dubious compliment of being its fallen angel. But the external enemies are just what they were in 1919, the bourgeois imperialists. The new historical epoch has, however, in Mr. Khrushchev's opinion, brought a genuine triumph for " the revolutionary world outlook of the proletariat," while bourgeois ideology " is experiencing a grave crisis."

The Soviet Union's system of international relations, which, not even for courtesy's sake, can I describe as diplomacy, is founded on this thesis: our grave crisis, not only in our international affairs, but as it affects the newly emergent nations and our remaining dependencies, must be exploited to the full, within the framework of competitive coexistence. " A consistent struggle against imperialism is a permanent condition for the solution of national tasks."

Whose national tasks? The programme distinguishes with some care between the nationalism of " the oppressed " and " the oppressor " nations. Our British or French nationalism is all wrong; African or Arab nationalism is all right because it " contains a general democratic element directed against oppression, and Communists support it because they consider it historically justified at a given stage." President Nasser and others will doubtless take note. Any flirtations with oppressors will earn them Papa Nikita's displeasure. On the other hand the more they gear their endeavours to the world struggle against imperialism, the happier Papa Nikita will be. But Papa Nikita is very anxious that this world struggle shall be conducted without resort to war. The programme proclaims the Soviet Communist Party's determination " to use every means of preventing world war and providing conditions for the complete elimination of war from the life of society."

It is silly to question the sincerity of that assertion, which is intended even more as a rebuke to Pekin than as an assurance to the West. Mr. Khrushchev genuinely dreads the idea of total war. For in the Soviet Union he and his colleagues have much to accomplish.

In this aspect the programme is no more intentionally delusory than the Labour Party's manifesto, in this country, or the series of " Charters " which the Conservative Party drew up in opposition, with the sincere desire of putting them into effect when they came to power. Mr. Khrushchev and his colleagues did not come to power, nor do they retain it, by methods which we could consider appropriate to our Westminster system (though I sometimes wonder whether that is working quite so smoothly as we pretend nowadays); but clearly they have the force of public opinion within the Soviet Union to contend with. The material satisfactions—and after all, Communism is quite candidly a materialist creed—which the Soviet citizen is offered in the long run are pretty mouth-watering; and if they are not brought to some measure of fulfilment the Communist hierarchy may face a rough time, which will make our post-" never-had-it-so-good " phase seem, by comparison, sunlit and tranquil. But if we accept the standards by which the leaders of the Soviet Union assess their aspirations and their achievements, the prospects are extremely exhilarating for any young Russian boy or girl in the next two decades.

They include, within twenty years, the attainment of the highest standards of living in the world, the actual establishment of Communism and the long-promised " withering away of the State " at some undefined date thereafter, and the eclipse by the Soviet Union of the U.S.A. in industry and in agriculture. These are, of course, strategic objectives. The tactical aims, for the individual Soviet citizen, include longer paid holidays, free education and maintenance (if a parent wishes it) of children at boarding schools, medical services for everyone including the supply of drugs and treatment in sanatoria, rent-free housing and free public services, free public transport facilities, the steady reduction in charges for (and partially the free use of) holiday homes, boarding houses and tourist camps, and the gradual introduction of free canteen meals in factories, institutions and collective farms.

An impressive enough list; and I hope it isn't carping criticism to observe, mildly but firmly, that here in our obsolete capitalist Welfare State, we have taken a good many items on it for granted, during good times and bad in the past fifteen years or so. The Soviet Union has still far to travel in order to attain anything like our British, let alone the American, material standards of living. But to be fair, it is pointed out to visitor after visitor to Russia, shocked by the idea of twenty people inhabiting a three-room flat, shocked by the lack of amenities and of privacy (apart altogether from luxury) which Soviet citizens accept, that present conditions are incomparably better than those of the Stalinist past. Output is undoubtedly increasing, and so the standard of living is rising.

But this, after all, is true of the people of almost every hard-working country. Friendly co-operation on such a basis is both desirable and feasible; but for all the talk of " peaceful co-existence,"this is not really what the Russians want. They want our way of life to collapse, and theirs to replace it all over the world; and until they abandon that ambition, they will be prickly and dangerous people to live alongside.

High over the cars parked at the bottom of Cheddar Gorge, in Somerset, Rudi Omankowsky, a Czech tight-rope walker, moves slowly along the wire, stretched between the two cliffs and 430 ft. up. To add to the danger of his exploit, he is blindfolded. It took the tight-rope artist thirty minutes to complete the 430-yard journey, watched by several thousands of holidaymakers. Another anxious onlooker was Mr. Omankowsky's wife. Both of them are members of the White Devils high-wire troupe. The tight-rope walker repeated his exploit twice as a weekend attraction at Cheddar Gorge, the underground caves and high cliffs of which draw thousands of visitors every year. In some places the steep rocks rise straight up for 450 ft.

HIGH WIRE OVER CHEDDAR GORGE

b

A party of schoolboys leaves Forest Hill Secondary Boys' School in South-East London to set out on an eighteen-day visit to Moscow. They sailed from Tilbury in a Russian ship and were to visit Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsinki, and Leningrad on their way to Moscow

Punting on the River Cherwell on a summer day in Oxford. Here the river flows under Magdalen Bridge, which is dominated by the famous tower of the college. The bridge is one of the focal points in the present controversy regarding new roads in Oxford

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

OH LORD, HOW LONG? The 2nd Lord Stansgate is the 2nd Lord Stansgate. As such, he is denied a vote, denied a right to take any determinate part in legislation, denied the pursuit of the respectable profession he chose. He is left free to choose another or to strengthen the tiny minority opposition in what is (and will remain) a debating chamber with no lasting powers beyond advising and warning. And his Bristol constituents might be condemned to representation by an M.P. whose politics they rejected by a very large majority. The verdict of the Election Court was inevitable from the start. The judges were there to interpret the law as it is, not as it might be or ought to be. Despite all the time, money and arguments (put forward admirably on both sides), I doubt if even Lord Stansgate really expected any other verdict. Of course, it is not the end of the story. At great expense, Lord Stansgate has broken a real breach in the fortress called the hereditary principle, though what will come of the Second Chamber, as it still is, is by no means clear. What is clear is that a Second Chamber with restored legislative powers can never permanently return. If the Tories gave back to it any lost powers they would be unscrambled by the next Labour Government. When life-peerages were extended, many felt that some of the museum-piece anomalies of the House of Lords today would gradually be removed and a really useful advisory and delaying Chamber, more equally representative of parties and guaranteed of experience, could be built up. The chance was not taken. Mr. Macmillan has been lavish in recommending hereditary peerages. It is an anomaly that the Sovereign is entitled to abdicate his functions, rights and duties. The hereditary peer is not. There is anomaly here. The fact that the Upper House in recent years has provided quite a good Advisory body by the employment of one-ninth of its potential strength of hereditary, reinforced by life, peers is no answer to the demand for reform. The hereditary principle is an anomaly and a curiosity peculiar to Britain. Neither the granting of special privileges to the untried, nor the disfranchising of the experienced eldest sons of peers is any longer acceptable in a modern democracy, and the first step to end the anomaly is to discontinue the creation of hereditary peerages.

MUSEUM PIECES. In recent years such new creations—especially the higher grades—have been recognised as no longer appropriate to our post-war way of life. Dukes and marquises are no longer created. Earldoms (the perquisite of Premiers) formerly implied the creation of noble ruling families, with landed estates and money to support the dignities. The great experience of Lord Attlee, a worthy Premier, could have been exercised equally well in the Lords (and I should think with less embarrassment) if he had accepted a barony, and the same goes for Viscount Eden of Royal Leamington Spa, Earl of Avon—who could have accepted a life-peerage. Mr. Gaitskell recently committed himself in advance (should the opportunity ever arise) to refuse a perquisite which he described as "snobbish nonsense." Perhaps shrewdly, for the glories of our blood and state have departed and it is mildly ridiculous to go on mouthing them. Garters and earldoms were well enough when England was governed by a ruling class from dignified country houses. They don't go with dish-clouts and a "daily woman." There is some justification for the one-sided criticism of Tory Governments that, unable to keep the modern machinery from rust, they have proved adepts at preserving our national museums from dust.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS YOU? Very seldom has a Prime Minister been so roughly handled by the Opposition as was Mr. Macmillan in his defence of the year's second "Budget." Criticism was handed to the Opposition like a piece of cake on a plate;

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A familiar figure on the river Severn at Ironbridge, Shropshire, is Mr. H. Rogers, one of the few remaining makers of Severn coracles, his family's traditional craft

Mr. Ned Thompson, whose ancestors have been bowmakers since the seventeenth century, strings a bow in his workshop at Meriden in Warwickshire, where he is the bowmaker to the archery club, the Woodmen of Arden

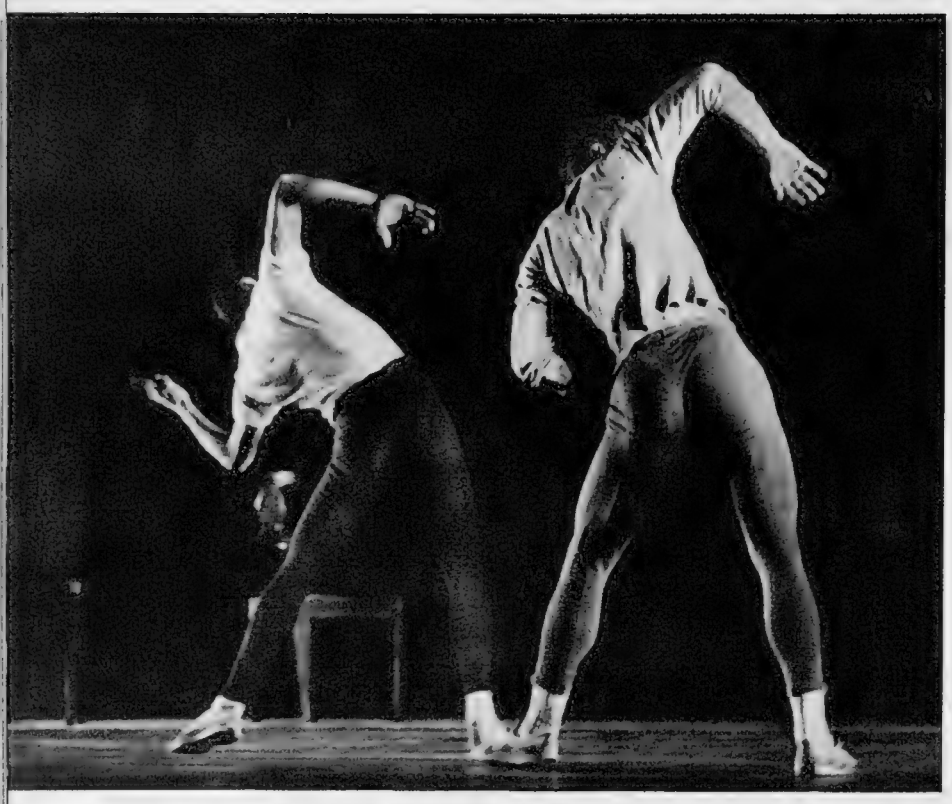
and specious and opportunist, no doubt, much of that criticism was. Some of the austerity measures decided on may succeed in their objectives. Time alone will show, and most of us who criticise are totally unqualified to pronounce on economic problems. The Opposition called on Mr. Macmillan "for God's sake to go." To be replaced by whom? As long as the Government can rely on a majority reaching to 100, seldom falling below 80, presumably a Tory Premier of some kind must keep the Queen's Government going. Many of the critics of Budgets Nos. 1 and 2 would confess that, when the Tory majority falls to 15 or less, the alternative will be too terrible for them to contemplate. And Mr. Macmillan, though today he must be weary and disillusioned, shows no signs of taking the Opposition's advice. He fully expects to bob up again at latest by late autumn. How very many, then, of his critics among his followers and the uncommitted are less critics than puzzled men, criticising not so much the Government's measures, considered in detail and in real understanding of economics, as his obstinate faith in his majority in face of criticism so widespread of the social injustices which make nonsense of all his appeals for a common sacrifice.

RED RAGS. The surtax concession cannot operate until 1963. Why was it not postponed or withdrawn, since it instantly proved a red rag? The teachers cut was another red rag. It *could* be made to look like a shabby, mean trick. Was it, is it, worth obstinate refusal to reconsider it? I said weeks ago that in all Government policy and decisions social justice must not only be done but *be seen to be done*, and to insure that end, it still seems to me, that the most trivial details of a Premier's functions must be constantly reviewed and adjusted to that end. Take the most trivial: you may say that Mr. Macmillan's continual recommendation of hereditary peerages is not worth comment. Yet to many people it has become a sign that in supporting outworn privilege, he remains firmly based on aristocratic Government and the trappings of protocol and tradition. Because so few Union leaders today remember nursery rhymes or accept it that when the bough breaks, the baby will fall, it is high time for the Government to back their appeals for common sacrifices with a more realistic evidence of social justice.

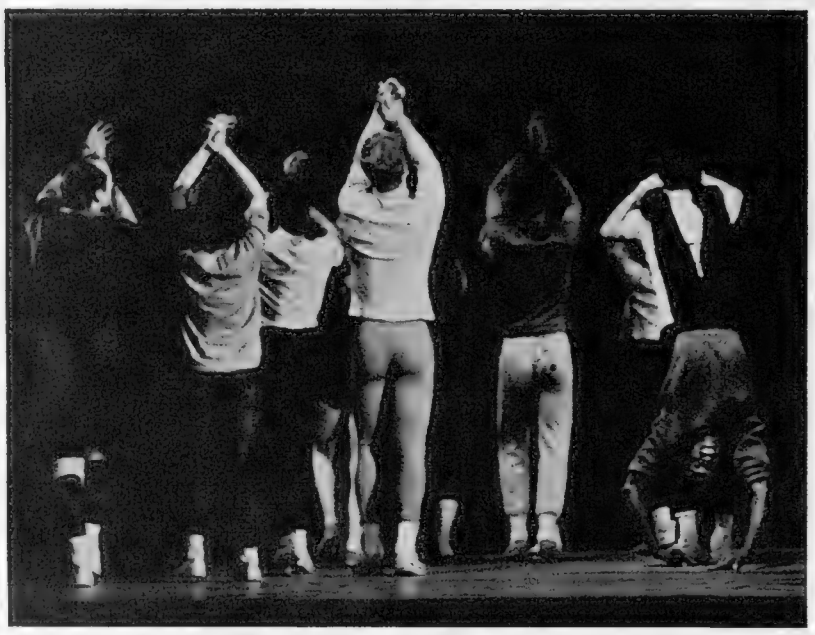
At Cirencester, Gloucestershire, the timbers of the Parish church have been badly damaged by death-watch beetle and are being treated with a preparation laid in strips. This penetrates the woodwork and destroys the pest. The church, built during the early 15th century, is thought to occupy the site of a Roman wayside chapel

CRIME IN AMERICA. Usually statistics are called into play to put a prettier face on what the public regard as a scandal. In Britain the Home Office often do that. But in Washington statistics on crime issued by the Department of Justice certainly do not soft-pedal public anxiety in the increase of crime in the U.S.A. If we examine them, we shall no doubt lull ourselves once more into thinking our blessed isles a haunt of ancient peace, the headquarters of law and order and morality. Last year in those United States a serious crime was committed every 15 seconds, and 15 seconds are not a long time unless you are waiting for the dentist's drill. Every 58 minutes of 1960 a murder was committed and the total of serious crimes from murder to the larger larceny was 1,900,000. In the cities and large towns 3,640 persons were arrested out of every 100,000, and 48 policemen were killed and nearly 10,000 assaulted. Though the population of the U.S.A. has risen since 1950 only by 18 per cent., serious crime among adults and juveniles has risen by 100 per cent. I wish the statistics had revealed whether American criminals are as successful as we sometimes think (in our modest way) they are in Britain. How many murderers, how many rapers and safe-blowers get away with it? How many who have been brought to justice and to prison find prison bars no cage? We don't know. Such statistics on the success of crime, if released by our Home Office, might temper our complacency in our own relative statistics of crime. The latest released do not suggest that complacency is justified in Britain. Crimes of violence still increase and teenage girl-criminals show a 20 per cent. increase over last year.

THE OLD STAGER



Two dancers in *Events*, moving with the company's typical slouched walk



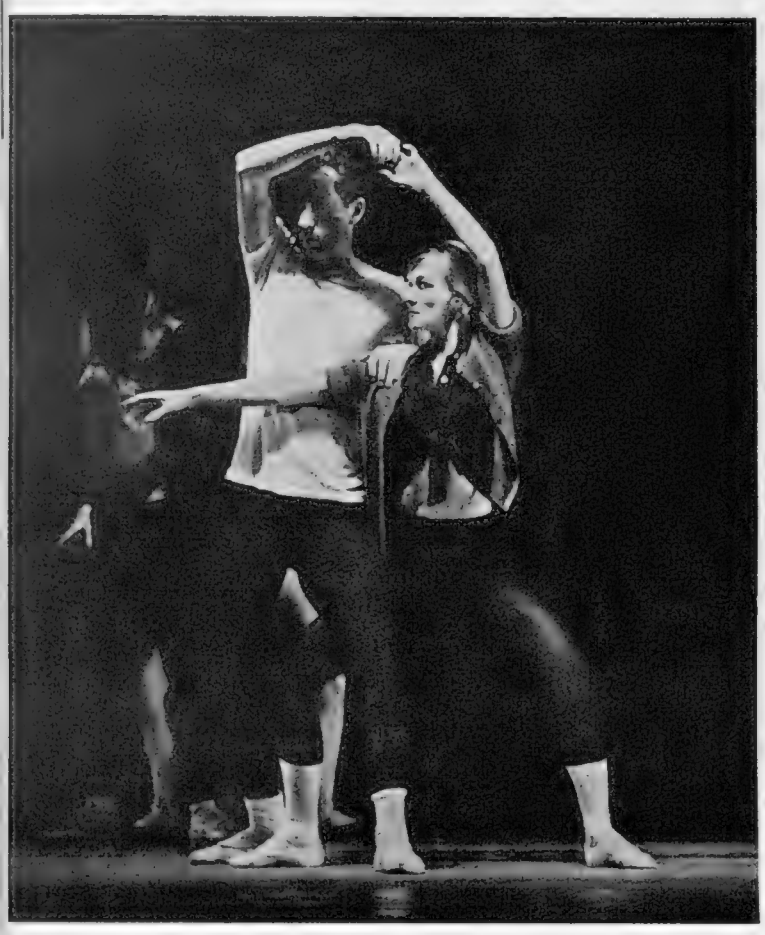
Jerome Robbins' new ballet *Events*—concerned with the happenings of the restless world today. **Below left and right** are two other scenes from the ballet. All photographs on this page are by Anthony Crickmay

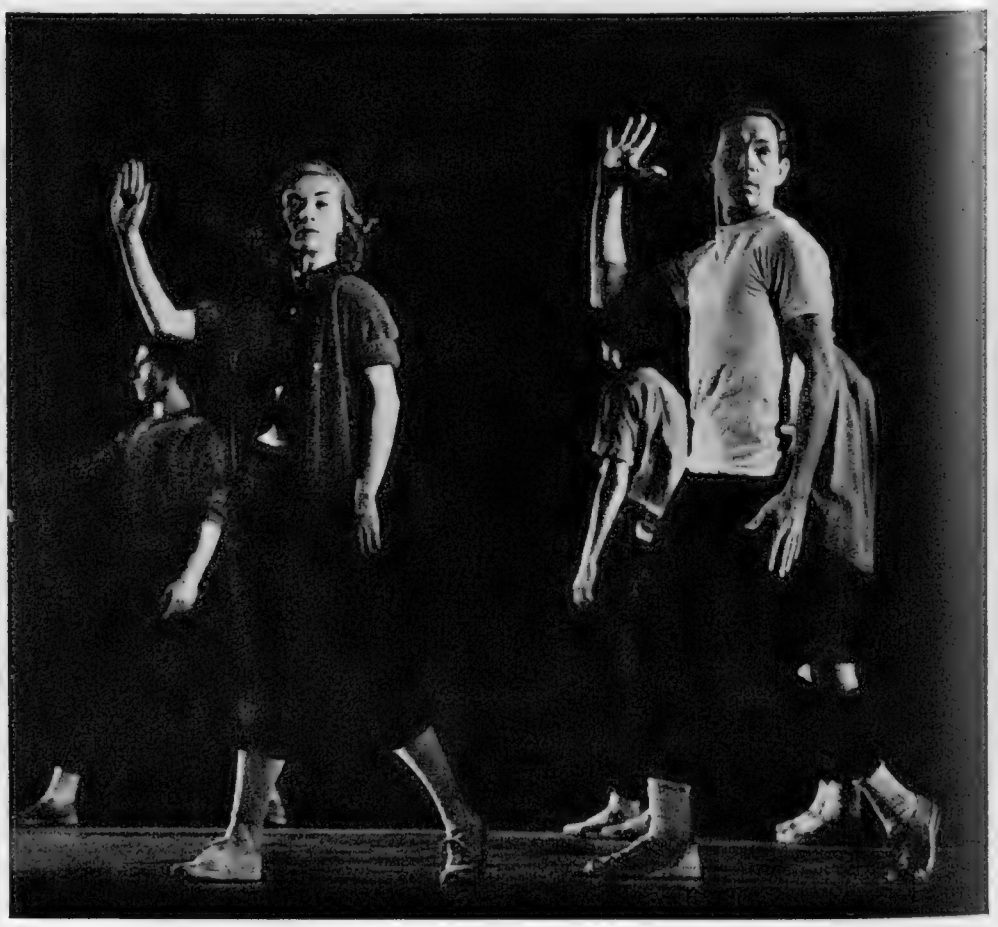
One of the soloists in *Moves*, a ballet performed in complete silence

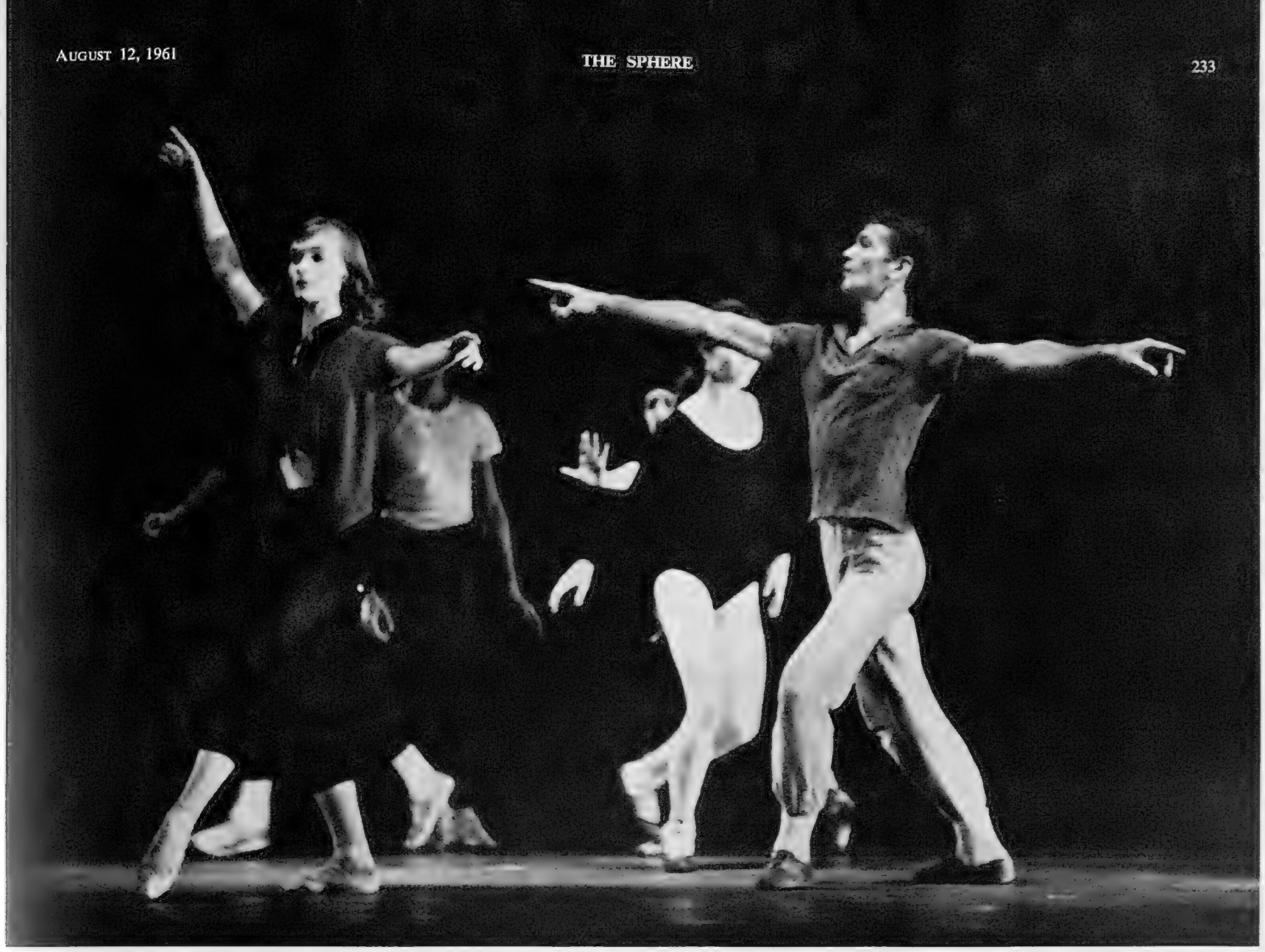
ENTERTAINMENT

BALLETS: U.S.A.

at the Saville Theatre







In *Events*, the choreographer captures the tensions of living in a large city, under the threat of the atom-bomb

Now in the middle of its three-week season at the Saville Theatre, in London, Jerome Robbins' *Ballets: U.S.A.* is again enjoying the kind of acclaim it received on its first sensational visit to England in 1959. Then it was welcomed with an almost stunned wonder at the originality and electric vitality of the dancing. The second visit has enabled critics to get their second breath. Opening the programme on the first night was Jerome Robbins' startling ballet—*Moves*, performed without music, costume, or scenery. It is the key to his special gifts as a choreographer, which enable him both to handle the classical steps of ballet and to express the restless, angular movements of young people today. An outstanding figure in American theatre, Jerome Robbins, has altered conceptions about ballet and the musical. (In *West Side Story*, he combined words, song and dance to capture the savage world of teenage gangs in New York.)

He has continued his exploration of this particular world in *Events*, a work unhelpfully described as being about " happenings, attempts and recoveries." Like another of the company's works—*N.Y. Export Opus Jazz*, it has décor by Ben Shahn. Performed in a tense, neurotic atmosphere, *Events* is a portrait of city-living, of popular heroes and crowd behaviour. Other ballets in the season include *Afternoon of a Faun*, *Interplay*, and the hilarious *The Concert*.

N.Y. Export Opus Jazz, one of the company's most popular works

The Concert, a comic work which employs music by Chopin

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

CANADA

Canadian authorities have announced three new projects in connection with their programme to develop the Canadian Arctic.

In Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada's Prime Minister recently pressed a button to open officially the new micro-wave communication system linking up the north-western corner of the North American Continent. It is the largest single micro-wave system in Canada. The forty-two station link passes through 1,200 miles of territory from the province of Alberta to the border of Alaska where the system connects with the network of the United States Signal Corps. In the south at Grand Prairie it links up with the Alberta Government telephone system and existing U.S. networks. Also concerned with it is the North American Air Defence Programme (N.O.R.A.D.), the joint programme which Canada and the United States share for the air defence of the continent. The system provides multi-channel telephone-telegraph communications and has cost some 25,000,000 dollars (£8,214,000).

To complete the project workers have had to overcome some of the country's most rugged terrain—about 80 miles of new road was pushed through bush and permafrost. Some of the micro-wave stations are located on the tops of mountains, inaccessible to motor vehicles. A Norwegian construction firm built two 500-ft. aerial tramways in remote areas to two such mountain-top stations.

From Montreal, 4,000 miles distant, the Canadian Government icebreaker *John A. MacDonald* sailed for the far north with the world's first atomic-powered weather station on board. It will be installed on remote, uninhabited Graham Island, 700 miles from the North Pole. The Canadian Department of Transport, the U.S. Weather Bureau and the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission are co-operating in the project. The station will be unmanned, transmitting automatically by radio information on temperatures, winds, and barometric pressure. The prefabricated weather station has already been tested in Baltimore, Maryland. It will fill a gap in the network between two manned remote Canadian outposts at Resolute Bay in the central Arctic and Eureka on Ellesmere Island in the north-east. The data will be made available to all nations. The electrical energy required to power the device will come not from an atomic reactor but from radio-active isotopes. Heat generated by these isotopes will be converted into electrical power by means of a thermocouple. Graham Island has never before been visited by a modern vessel or icebreaker, though scientists have been there once or twice travelling by air.

En route to its destination the *John A. MacDonald* will pass Frobisher Bay, where something new in construction is planned in the Canadian Arctic. This will consist of buildings of pre-cast concrete, some seven stories high, which are built on solid rock. The new town will replace the present settlement. It is expected that it will take four years to complete at a cost estimated at 12,500,000 dollars (£4,107,000). These pre-cast structures on a rock base should not only lower initial costs, but will substantially reduce operating and maintenance costs. The units will be linked by covered passageways and heated by a control plant.

Olave, Lady Baden-Powell, and Miss Florence Mugone, a student nurse from Kenya, who is training in London, examine a tapestry depicting Kisumu at the Commonwealth Institute in South Kensington. It is one of the exhibits in the Exhibition of Tapestry Panels depicting the history and daily life of the peoples of Kenya. The show was opened at the Institute last week by Lady Baden-Powell and continues until August 27

AUSTRALIA

The series of official war histories on Australia's part in World War II is expected to be complete by 1963. The task has taken longer than the ten years at first estimated but, perhaps, this might be partly explained in the conclusion of one overseas reviewer " that the Australians have decided to tell the whole truth, warts and all." The man who has guided the project is Gavin Long, the general editor.

Although frankly nationalistic in intent, Australia's war histories, as Long has said, should carry conviction in other countries not by exaggeration, " but only by balance and exactness." To help achieve this balance Long sought and obtained the same freedom from censorship gained by Dr. C. E. W. Bean, Australia's first official war historian and the man who chronicled Australia's part in World War I in twelve volumes, writing six of them himself. When Bean began his work he was given an undertaking by the Government of the day that " the exercise of censorship by the Government is to be limited to the prevention of the disclosure of technical secrets of the three Services which it is necessary to preserve in the post-war period."

Bean, who like the present general editor, Long, had been a civilian war correspondent, set the approach to Australian war-history writing. It was Bean who pioneered the method of writing war history as a story of men at war and for the general reader, rather than the orthodox method, followed by official war historians before World War II, of writing in esoteric military language for the specialist readers of the staff colleges. Bean's humanising of the history of World War I was partly achieved by relying heavily on the records of the first-hand experiences of those who had taken part in the fighting.

Mr. Gavin Long

He filled 300 notebooks recording conversations and conferences, formal and informal, with people ranging from generals and political leaders to men who served in the ranks, and detailed much of his work with background from these sources. Long, because of the greater scope of Australia's participation in World War II, has modified this detail, but it is still a characteristic of the histories.

Long points out that 20,000 sets of Bean's history were sold. Three volumes of the present history have already been reprinted and reprints are now being done of another five, bringing the total of the three leading sellers to 15,000—16,000 copies each, and the grand total of those issued, so far, to about 137,000 books. When the twenty-two volumes of the current series have been published (one is due to be published in September and three others have been completed and are in the final stages, which leaves four volumes to be finished), another volume, a concise history of Australia's part in the war, which is to be written by Long, will be published. But this volume will not be part of this series which falls into five groups; seven volumes on the Army; two on the Navy; four on the Air Force; five civil volumes covering war-time government and the people, the war economy, and the role of science and industry; and four volumes covering the medical aspects of the war.

As with the first series, few of the writers have been professional historians. Long sets out the criteria for the selection of authors as being "so far as possible people who had some experience of the phase they were going to write about. That is to say that the writers of the Air Force volumes, if possible, would be people who had served in the Air Force. If also you could find people who had university training in history so much the better. At the same time we didn't seek people who were so senior that they would have to write substantially about themselves." In fact, authors include university professors, journalists, civil servants and even a cabinet minister, Paul Hasluck, at present Federal Minister for Territories. Long was a correspondent with the *Sydney Morning Herald* in London when war was declared and was one of the first three Australian correspondents accredited to cover British operations in France. In 1940 he arrived in the Middle East in time to report the first Western Desert Campaign in the 1940-41 winter, and the operations in Greece and Crete. Then his paper recalled him to Sydney where he stayed until he was appointed general editor of the war histories in 1943.

The completion of the World War II series by 1963 will be a remarkable achievement. The authors' contracts required only one year's full-time work on each volume; some have given two or more years to the task full-time at their own expense; and all have had to write sections while doing their normal jobs. Supporting the writers have been a small, but dedicated staff in Long's Canberra office. This staff, which has at

WEALTH

The world's first atomic-powered weather station; "the whole truth, warts and all"; New Zealand's budget

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

"The Battle of Ramillies," an eighteenth-century mural in Marlborough House, London, is being restored by Mr. Thomas Keating. Marlborough House, residence of the late Queen Mary, is being converted into a centre for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers when they are visiting Britain

Left: Lord Mountbatten, Chief of the U.K. Defence Staff, meets officers of the Indian aircraft-carrier *Vikrant*, during the visit of the ship to Portsmouth. At right is the carrier's commanding officer, Captain P. S. Mashindroo. *Vikrant*, formerly H.M.S. *Hercules*, was acquired from Britain for India's Navy in 1957

no stage exceeded twelve, has collected the basic records, gathered the biographical details, prepared the maps, indexed the volumes and carried out the other painstaking tasks needed to see a volume in print. Gavin Long, apart from supervising these jobs and writing three volumes himself, has, as general editor, been counsellor and guide to the other writers. What keeps war historians to their task? "I think one of the attractions and excitements of work like this," says Long, "is that it is really pioneering history: writing the story for the first time; writing direct from sources hardly anybody else has touched. It is a very human study. You are dealing with records of people under great stress. You have human history suddenly accelerated. You have action of a kind that doesn't exist in times of peace."

NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand's 1961 Budget, the first to be presented by Mr. H. R. Lake, as Minister of Finance, was not an adventurous one for, as the Minister said, his Government had assumed office (eight months before) in a difficult and challenging period. Abroad export prices were falling and New Zealand was living well beyond its income. A deficit of £58,000,000 on overseas exchange transactions for the year ended June 1961, was exceptionally large. The already high demand for imports continued, acute labour shortages were developing and costs were being forced up. These problems were not new to New Zealand, but conformed to a pattern which had recurred in several post-war years. Difficulties had been accentuated by increased bank lending, by the liberalisation of import licensing last year when export prices were falling, and by an increase in Government spending.

In these circumstances, Mr. Lake announced measures which were aimed at preventing further deterioration. An internal loan of £10,000,000 was floated and over-subscribed. Control over trading bank advances was

The new building for New Zealand House under construction in Haymarket, London

tightened. To check the growth of hire-purchase financing, minimum deposits were increased and repayment periods reduced. In import licensing the replacement-licence scheme was suspended and the period covered by 1961 import licences extended to June 1962.

Some of the measures were unpalatable to many people, as indeed they were to the Government, Mr. Lake declared, "but I can assure you all were necessary and were taken only after the fullest consideration of all the facts and the possible other courses."

Two principles had guided the Government in dealing with economic problems; first, the changes which were necessary should be gradual to avoid dislocating the economy and impairing capacity for growth; secondly, people should be kept fully informed of the actions taken and the need for those actions. The problems which confronted the country were of concern to all New Zealanders. Many of them were so serious as to transcend political considerations and the efforts of all citizens were necessary to assist in their solution.

It was apparent this was not a year for substantial tax concessions, said Mr. Lake. Nevertheless some concessions were made, applying to estate and gift duties, farm development expenditure, initial depreciation on workers' dwellings, excess retention tax, £30 interest exemption for all classes of interest and stamp duties. These will represent about £5,000,000 a year, but in general most New Zealanders will pay the same taxes as in the previous year.

"This Budget marks the beginning of the Government's programme to encourage a faster rate of investment and of economic growth in New Zealand," Mr. Lake continued. "As circumstances permit we shall effect further reductions in taxation rates and introduce further incentives." It was the aim of the Government to reduce rates of taxation and it believed that the promotion of a more rapid rate of economic growth was the surest way to achieve that end. New Zealand's population growth was one of the most rapid in the world, the Minister added, and the country's economy ought to grow fast enough to ensure a steadily rising standard of living for all. As the national income grew it widened the base on which taxes could be levied, thus allowing reductions in the rates of tax to be achieved.

The dining-room in the offices of John Walker and Sons Limited, the whisky distillers, in St. James's Street, dates from the late nineteenth century. **Right:** The ornate nineteenth-century clock is in the Entrance Hall

LONDON DINING-ROOMS

JOHN WALKER & SONS

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

The present buildings at No. 63, St. James's Street, were erected between 1886 and 1888. They were designed for the Meistersingers Club, which occupied the premises for only a few years before giving way to another club, the Royal Societies. John Walker and Sons Limited took over No. 63 in 1945. The dining-room is small and compact. The splendid Regency mahogany table is something of a rarity in having only three pedestalled legs. Hanging above the sideboard is a landscape by H. W. B. Davis, a popular painter of the Victorian era.

Downstairs in the Entrance Hall a prominent feature is a fine example of the Victorian clockmakers' craft. From its exuberance and plenitude of ornamentation it can be deduced that it may have been made for one of the Great Exhibitions, of 1851 or 1862. Above the clock itself the carved head of a man is surrounded by swags or festoons of fruits and flowers which run down the sides of the clock face. The front of the main body is inlaid with various figures and there are ornate carvings on the sides. The base, too, is highly ornamented.

The business of John Walker and Sons is, of course, much older than the building it occupies in London. Most of the world must be aware that "Johnny Walker" was "born in 1820." Less well known, perhaps, is the fact that the familiar trademark figure dressed in the style of that date is a likeness of the first John Walker, the founder of the firm. It was drawn from a silhouette of the founder by Tom Browne in the early years of the present century.

John Walker, a farmer's son, was a grocer in Kilmarnock, in Scotland. He distilled his own whisky and offered it free to his customers, among whom there were many who came to the town to do business in carpets and other crafts, for which Kilmarnock was then noted. In their turn, the carpet manufacturers began sending the whisky to England as a gift to their customers. John Walker's successors in the business first came to London in the late nineteenth century. Today one has no difficulty in envisaging the benign figure of the original "Johnny" presiding at the head of the table in the dining-room at No. 63, St. James's Street.

Bewcastle Cross, set in a lonely graveyard on the fells north-east of Carlisle

IN THE WESTERN MARCHES

By **GLEN ROY**

Carlisle is one of the road bottlenecks that everyone is glad to pass through. It is no easy job, in summer, struggling along the narrow Botchergate and Lowther Street in a halting queue of vehicles. But the result of the congestion is that little is seen of the delightful surroundings of this ancient fortress town, set in a region important in history from Roman times. Like Berwick, on the east coast, Carlisle was the great stronghold in the west. Both were prominent in national warfare and Border raids, one the main base of the Eastern, the other of the Western Marches. Dominating the important fords, or Waths, of the Eden and the Border Esk, Carlisle was always the western key town in the Scottish-English wars.

For those who care to explore the area round Carlisle there are many delightful byways and the town makes a splendid centre for visiting the region. Few strangers ever find the lovely valley of the Eden, above the town, by Warwick Bridge, or the very attractive scenery around Wetheral, on the left bank, and Great Corby, on the other side. This lovely middle portion of the river is almost unknown to tourists, who see it only at Appleby and Carlisle.

North of Carlisle the busy main road can be left as soon as the river is crossed and the byway to the " English " Rockcliffe taken, a charming little village on the lower river, here little more than a mile from the Border Esk. The valleys of the Border

(*Continued on following pages*)

Hermitage Castle, a border stronghold in a side valley of Liddesdale

The archway of the old forge at Great Corby

Lanercost Bridge, built in the seventeenth century over the Irthing

The fortified church at Newton Arlosh, built to be defended against the Border raiders

IN THE WESTERN MARCHES

(*Continued from previous page*)

Esk, the Ewes and the Liddel, form pleasant, unfrequented routes to Scotland, via Hawick or Jedburgh.

Hermitage Castle, on a side valley of Liddesdale, was one of the premier Border strongholds, prominent in the wars and in the affairs of the great families who held it, the houses of Bolbeck, Soulis, Dacre, Douglas and Bothwell. It was to visit the wounded Bothwell in Hermitage Castle that Mary Queen of Scots rode fifty miles over the hills from Jedburgh and back, catching a chill which nearly killed her.

North-east of Carlisle, after Brampton is reached on the main Carlisle-Newcastle road, is a most interesting area of high fells, in olden times the wildest part of the Western Marches. Naworth Castle was the great house here, an ancient fortress, extended in the eleventh century by Thomas Dacre, Lord Warden of the West March. Lanercost Priory lies north of the Castle park, in the green valley of the Irthing. It was founded in 1115 by Robert de Vaux, for the Augustinians. The west front is notable, for its thirteenth-century work. The Early English nave was restored in the eighteenth century for use as the parish church. Seven miles to the north, on a windswept hillside, is one of the most remarkable antiquities in the country, the wonderful Bewcastle Cross. Considered to be of seventh-century date, this magnificently-incised pillar bears the earliest known representation in Britain of the figure of Christ. On the other three sides are Runic carvings which have long puzzled antiquarians. Beside the Cross and the little church stands ruined Bewcastle, a stronghold from Norman times, set within the ramparts of a Roman fort. Many minor roads criss-cross this lonely area. To reach Bewcastle and return without delay it is best to use a map—and perhaps a compass—as sign-posting is not very clear!

West of Carlisle, by the Solway shore, is the line of the continuation of Hadrian's Great Wall, which the Romans prudently carried far past the river crossing, to prevent flanking attacks from the tribes across the Solway. Through Burgh-by-Sands and Brumburgh the Wall ran to its end at Bowness-on-Solway, though forts and watch-towers extended farther along the coast. This is a strangely attractive shore, formed by the rim of the great West Cumberland plain, with the Lakeland mountains on the southern horizon and the Galloway hills to the north, across the Solway.

Lush and pastoral, the countryside is quite unlike the usual north of England scene and completely different from the similarly pastoral land on the Scottish side. A mass of flowers at every cottage enchants the summer visitor, though the stout walls and low-pitched roofs are reminders of winter's western gales. The flat landscape has a flavour of Lincolnshire, with the same far horizons. At Newton Arlosh, a short distance from the Solway shore, is the interesting fortified church, now beautifully restored, another reminder of the raiders from the north.

Although so close to the main artery between England and Scotland, this beautiful region around Carlisle is seldom seen by the thousands who drive through it each year. For those who like the sea, Silloth, or Allonby with its delightful little stream, make ideal centres on the southern curve of the Solway Firth.

Scotby has a pleasant green, ringed by white houses

Allonby, situated on the dunes of the Cumberland coast, is a popu

Wetheral is situated on a winding road leading past the old church down to the ferry over the Eden—one of the little-visited areas near Carlisle

oliday village

The thirteenth-century west front of Lanercost Priory in the Western Marches. **Left** is the old gateway to the priory

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

IN PURSUIT OF FERRIES

I am an unadventurous man. So I find ferries an adventure—well anyway, a pleasant break in the tedium of modern motoring in Britain—and I use them whenever I can. I am ferry-minded: so much so that, if I happen to be in the neighbourhood of one, anywhere within twenty miles or so, then I will, if I can possibly spare the time, make the detour to use it. I do not subscribe to the mid-twentieth-century attitude towards time: I regard time as the most expendable of quantities.

So it is that, in pursuit of ferries, I find that I have this summer established a personal record. It has taken a good many years to achieve. I have now used every ferry in England, Scotland and Wales. I mean real ferries. I do not include tunnels, for some strange reason both the Mersey Tunnel and the Severn Tunnel are officially listed as ferries; nor toll bridges—Connel Bridge across Loch Etive is officially listed as a ferry, though it is, in fact, a railway bridge with a roadway—nor transporter bridges, though I think that I have used most, if not all, of those. I mean real ferries, boat ferries. The last one, the one to complete the list, was the Cuan ferry, across Cuan Sound between the Isles of Seil and Luing in Scotland. To use this I did not make a detour. I made a special journey from my home in the south of England. It seemed as good an excuse as any other for taking a short holiday. Anyway, this is a free ferry!

Ferries vary a great deal in personality. Although I do not find any of them really dull, I think it would be broadly true to say that the bigger the ferry, the less exciting; though something depends upon the water and the nature of the crossing. It is, for example, difficult to get worked up over most of the Clyde ferries, over that in Dorset between Sandbanks and Shell Bay, over the Devonport or Saltash ferries, or that between Woolston and Southampton. These are just short-cuts. So are those between Woolwich and North Woolwich, and Gravesend and Tilbury, both incidentally large ferries; but, though nobody could call the Woolwich-North Woolwich ferry, with its load of tired businessmen and lorries, exciting, that between Gravesend and Tilbury can be most exciting, depending upon what is coming down or going up the river. Judged thus, the Southampton-Cowes ferry, another large one, ought to be one of the most exciting in Britain, for there is always something happening on Southampton Water. Yet I have always found this to be the dullest of the crossings to the Isle of Wight. It cannot compare with that between Lymington and Yarmouth, which is much shorter, but which has an astonishing variety of scenery.

Much depends upon the water. The ferry which I use most frequently, almost once a week, except in summer when it is so crowded that the delays are too long even for me, is that between Aust and Beachley across the Severn. This is a medium-sized ferry, small enough to be intimate, and in winter weather it can truly be an adventure, for the Severn has tricky currents and mudbanks, and the course can be most devious. So can that across the Humber between Hull and New Holland. The Humber is a river of moods and this crossing can sometimes take on the aspect of a voyage. If you are not up in ferries, it may be of some value to point out that this one is best used coming south, at least in summer. If there is congestion at Hull, you are on the main road: if there is congestion at New Holland, you have a very long detour before you.

But the land of ferries is Scotland. There are, as a matter of fact, almost as many ferries in Scotland as there are in England and Wales combined, despite the great difference in population. Scottish ferries have a long and interesting history. The earliest recorded grant of ferry rights dates back to 1154. The right of ferry in Scotland originally belonged to the King as one of the special rights, along with salmon fishing and unclaimed wrecks, of his Regalia. I do not know how long this lasted: not very long I fancy, because the early Scottish kings, a quarrelsome lot, were usually bankrupt and one of the things which it was easy to sell was the right of ferry.

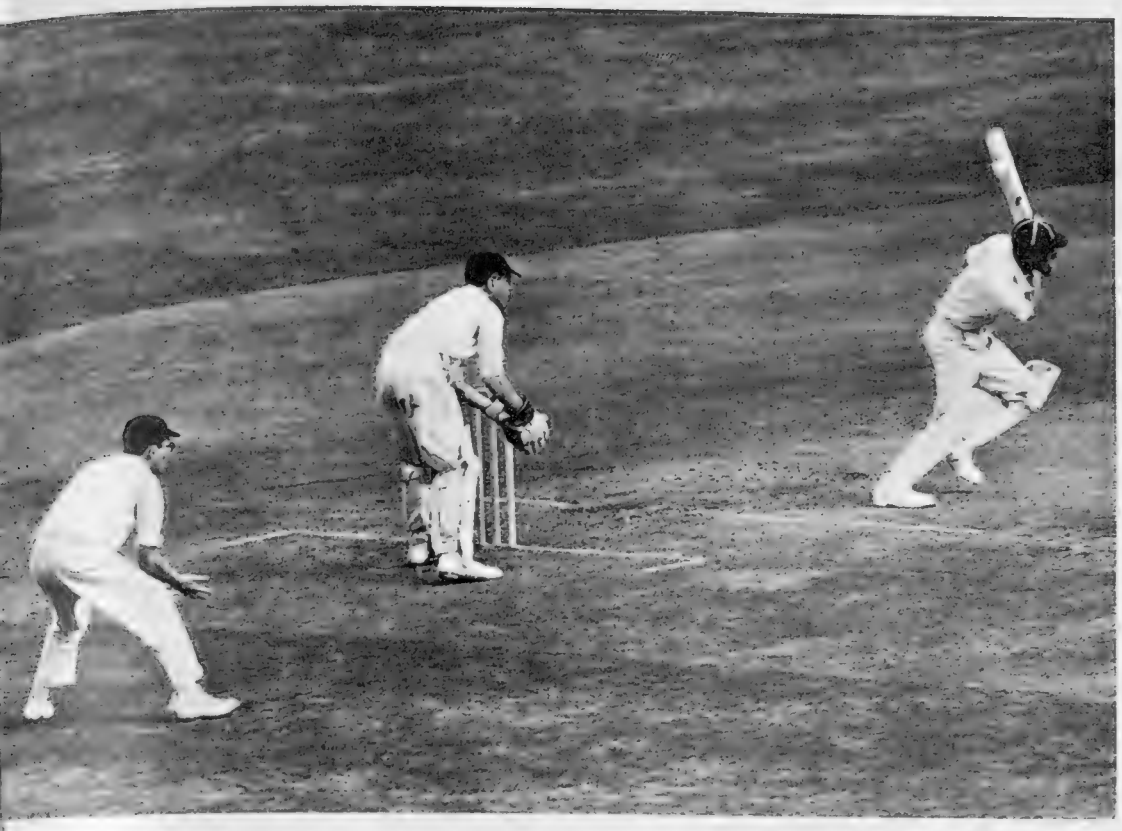
In a country such as Scotland with a coastline deeply indented by sea-lochs the ferries played an essential part in the social and economic life of the people, and were therefore all the more easily marketable. Because the ferry was essential there was also much poaching. Scottish ferry history is filled with court cases concerning poaching; one man grabbing the passengers another thought his right, and the poaching often led to bloodshed.

Even today the Scottish ferries are much more than mere short-cuts: they are still absolutely essential to the social and economic life of the country. In England, so far as I am aware, all the ferries are now publicly owned. They are owned by a public body and run under the terms of an Act of Parliament. This is so also with most of the Scottish ferries. But there are still a few which are privately (that is, individually) owned. I doubt if they do more than produce, in return for a vast amount of really hard work over very long hours, a modest profit, for if their charges were once considered to be extortionate, and the Scot knows very well the value of money, poaching would immediately break out again.

Using, as I have done, Scottish ferries quite a lot, I have been immensely impressed by the skill with which the private enterprise ferrymen have worked out their charges in relation to mileage and petrol consumption. You do just save: just. Most of the Scottish ferries are picturesque, many of them really romantic. Quite a few very small, two to four cars at a time, and the ferry with that burden almost at sea-level so to speak, which makes the crossing all the more adventurous. I still love them, but it would be idle to pretend that there has not been a marked change in the attitude of ferry passengers in recent years. Not so very long ago a ferry-passage had much the same effect on the passengers as had a sea voyage: they loosened up, became conversational and friendly just for the duration of the crossing. It was an excitement for them, too.

Now, it is all too apparent, ferries are regarded as an inconvenience. The Cuan ferry, which is free, takes just two cars and is picturesque enough. I crossed with another containing a family. They had the windows closed and a transistor portable working too loudly. You see the same thing on Brighton front, closed windows and all. I hate to say it; but the sooner we build bridges the better.

Malvern College fielding in their home match against Clifton College



A drive by D. Bailey of Malvern. His 66 not out was the highest score of the day

B. Richardson (Malvern) in action

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

MALVERN
V.
CLIFTON

Clifton College visited Malvern for their match at the end of July. The home eleven won the game by eight wickets. Clifton won the toss and their captain, A. R. Windows, elected to bat. After the early dismissal of P. J. Chesterman, who was bowled by T. M. Parker for 0, H. W. H. Alpass and M. B. Gilmour batted strongly together until the latter was caught in the slips for 16. Alpass was eventually caught by D. O. H. Rocke, having made 42, when the score stood at 86. The rest of the side were unable to offer any effective resistance and Clifton were all out for 136. A. D. Allen made 21; B. A. Richardson took 3 for 19, T. M. Parker 3 for 32 and D. O. H. Rocke 2 for 25.

Malvern opened their batting briskly, with Richardson and D. J. Hardwicke scoring freely. Richardson who was bowled by Windows for 28, played an innings which included several fine shots off his legs. In one hour's batting Malvern had made 84 and it took D. Bailey and R. D. James only another 35 minutes to knock off the remaining runs. Bailey scored 66 not out, James 24 and Hardwicke 14. C. M. Thompson took 1 for 15 and Windows 1 for 45.

A Malvern slip fielder attempts to stop a ball from A. D. Allen

The visiting team, Clifton College, take the field

Malvern College go out to field at the start of the match

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

International Cadet Week starts next Monday at Burnham-on-Crouch, and this great yachting centre of the East Coast will be once more invaded by an armada of boys and girls who forgather about this time every year for the only international junior sailing event of the world. Bringing their own boats from every part of the British Isles, from several countries on the Continent, accompanied by parents and friends, these youngsters take possession on Sunday. They are accommodated at the various clubs, hotels and boarding-houses, but they all have their meals at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, which is the headquarters of the whole elaborate and efficient organisation.

Cadet Week is the great event for this unusual dinghy class. In its twelfth year, it has become so popular that entries had to be limited to about 120 boats a few years ago in order to make the size of the racing fleet manageable. The total number of Cadets all over the world is over 3,500, a number only exceeded by less than a handful of other classes. This " miniature " racing yacht is the brainchild of Group-Captain E. F. Haylock, who commissioned Jack Holt in 1947 to design it. He demanded that it should have good performance and handling qualities, should be safe and stable, a good sea-boat, and easy and cheap to build. The subsequent history of the class is clear evidence of the fulfilment of these requirements. The class was recognised as an international one by the I.Y.R.U. in 1957, and now there are fleets in being all over the world, including behind the Iron Curtain. Four boats are expected this year from Poland.

Group-Captain Haylock is a true father-figure at the head of the organisation of the class, of which he is President for life or until retirement. The upper age limit for members of the class is seventeen and the boat is so designed that its performance is not greatly affected by the weight and strength of helmsman and crew, and girls as well as boys, and small ones at that, have an equal chance of winning races. Already several dinghy-class champions have emerged who had their initiation in the class. Safety considerations are given the greatest possible weight. Each boat has sufficient buoyancy to float the craft and occupants when filled with water, and the crews must wear a specially designed life-jacket at all times.

It must be a labour of love for the President of the class and his helpers to run the organisation of Cadet Week. Most of the boats arrive on the Sunday before the racing starts, and parking, sleeping, feeding and many other things have to be seen to, before the first boat can be launched for the first race on Monday. The Royal Corinthian Y.C. provides all the catering facilities. Their task is formidable with 1,200 to 1,300 meals served every day. The actual running of the meeting is greatly assisted by the parents of the competitors, who form a committee for the purpose.

For racing the fleet is divided into four groups of approximately thirty boats each, and the boats will remain in the same group during the whole week. The programme is so arranged that each group will sail against each other group three times, allowing for manageable starts of only two groups together at the same time. Each boat will race twice a day from Monday to Thursday. On Friday there is no racing in the afternoon. This is the time of prize-giving and for preparing the boats for the road on the homeward journey. Talks by various experts about racing rules and tactics are given each evening. These will include a film and talk by Peter Scott, Senior Vice-President of the class, and another film on the last Olympic Regatta by Austin Farrar.

Typical scenes on the River Crouch during a previous International Cadet Week

Mr. A. D. Shaw drives from the 18th tee, watched by Mr. E. C. Beaumont. In the view looking west towards Wharfedale, the clubhouse is centre background

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

ALWOODLEY

Situated just over five miles from the centre of Leeds, on the Harrogate road, the course lies in fairly open, wooded country. It was formed in 1907 by a group of members of the Leeds Club who wished to have a place in which to play golf. Some 130 acres were leased from the grandfather of the present Earl of Harewood and a course was constructed shortly afterwards. It has been little changed since then, except for preparing back tees to allow for the longer carry of the ball today. The existing professional's shop was the original clubhouse for four or five years. A new clubhouse was then built, to which a wing was added in 1928. The professional, Mr. Norman Rowell, has been with the club for forty years, first as assistant to the late professional, J. W. Gaudin, and then taking his place in 1946. A feature of the club is that the playing membership has been restricted to 200 in order to avoid congestion on the course. It is always possible to go out and play without having to wait more than a few minutes. Standard Scratch Score for the 18 holes is 72.

Mrs. E. F. Robson drives at the 9th, watched by Mr. Robson

Next in this series will be Frinton Golf Club in the issue of August 19

Right:
The club professional, Norman Rowell, talks to a famous visitor, Mr. Denis Compton, the former England cricketer

Left: Mr. Colin Addison, a visitor to the club from St. Andrews; Dr. Alan Greenwood, Mr. Ian Middleton, and Mr. John Greenwood

Below:
Dr. A. MacKinnon, Mr. O. C. Lord, the captain; Mr. Ralph Middleton, the secretary; and Mr. F. M. Haughton

Below: Outside the clubhouse are Mrs. E. Crawford, Mrs. J. Barrie, Mr. John Barrie and Mr. T. B. Simpson

TRAVEL

THE UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC

And some other tours in The Middle East

By **WILLIAM CORMACK**

Evidence from shipping and air companies as well as travel agents shows that people are going again to Egypt for winter holidays now that the dust of Suez has settled and traditional personal affections reasserting themselves.

Conditions in Egypt have changed drastically from the old days, but not quite in the same way as in other countries. Old " de luxe " hotels have been rebuilt and new ones have arisen by the Nile. But there has not been that mushroom growth of second-class hotels which has been so marked a feature of recent tourist development in Spain and Italy. The demand is there, and growing, but there is little suitable alteration to de luxe hotels for the new type of holidaymaker travelling on a fixed budget.

In spite of this lack and the difficulty in finding rooms in the best hotels, prices for meals and accommodation are quite reasonable compared with Rome, Paris, and London. A double room with bath in a de luxe hotel costs from £4 to £6 a day. Three shillings and sixpence is the charge for Continental breakfast, 10s. and 12s. 6d. for a *table d'hôte* luncheon and dinner. Rooms in first-class hotels cost from £2 10s. to £3 10s. a day for double room with bath, and in a second-class hotel from £1 4s. to £1 6s. *Table d'hôte* meals are proportionately cheaper, 7s. 6d. being the minimum price for dinner. There are hotels these days in Cairo, Alexandria, Mersa Matruh, Fayum, Port Said, Suez, Luxor and Aswan.

The Sporting Club at Alexandria, the finest seaside resort on the North African coast

The rebuilt Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo is absolutely first class, air-conditioned throughout with such amenities as ice-water in all rooms as well as television points. There is a roof-garden restaurant overlooking the Gezira Gardens and the Pyramids, a resident orchestra and a night club. Almost next door is the Semiramis, with air-conditioned rooms, and dancing on the roof-garden during summer. The new Nile Hilton, opened in 1959, is also nearby, on the banks of the Nile. It is air-conditioned throughout, with three bars, a night club and dancing to an orchestra all the year round. This is a magnificent hotel, dominating the water-front of the Nile.

There is much to do and see in Cairo. On the one hand there is the modern city, offering a complete social round from night clubs to the races, on the other there is the old city with its atmosphere of the traditional East, that strange pervading odour of spices cooked in lard which, like the scent of the Caporal cigarette in Paris, is more evocative of the country than the sight of tarbushes cocked on men's heads at street corners and the veiled women scurrying furtively on mysterious errands. The tangle of alleyways, shrouded from the sun; the bazaars with their thousand-and-one tiny boutiques; the sleepy regard of indifferent carpet-sellers; the anxious consultations with fortune-tellers; the itinerant conjuror or " gulli gulli man "; and the persuasive salesmen of repellent leather goods stamped all over with hieroglyphics and figurines from the past: these are a few of the exciting and lasting memories which the tourist takes back with him to his hotel, footsore and weary after a day-long visit to one of the most interesting permanent exhibitions in the world.

And then there are the Pyramids, and, of course, the Sphinx. You can stay at the Mena House Hotel, and enjoy the thrilling experience of seeing these great monuments in the roseate light of dawn, or you can clamber about in wonder before the heat of the day drives you into the shadows.

Should you belong to those who find antiquities a bore and are only concerned with seeking the sun, you can spend a holiday in Alexandria, the finest seaside resort on the North African coast, with vast beaches mushroomed with umbrellas, and fringed with sophisticated terraces and splendid hotels.

Most people in the past went to Egypt to see the ancient sights, and while Cairo held them for a few days, they would go by train to Luxor and visit the great temples at Karnak and Luxor, Thebes, the Tombs of the Kings, and the Colossi of Memnon. Such a tour was never complete without a visit to Aswan, and a trip on a Nile steamer. The whole journey took at least thirty days. Today, with the help of the aeroplane, the same tour can be carried out in a fortnight or three weeks. You can fly to Cairo and spend four days there; spend four days in Luxor, three in Aswan, and be back in London before three weeks are up. Such a tour would cost about £156 compared with the 66 guineas charged in the '30's. Another tour which was, and still is, very popular, is to combine a visit to Cairo with a ten-day steamer cruise on the Nile. After local sightseeing by car and sailing-boat at Aswan you board the Nile steamer and leave for Kom-Ombo and its temple and continue to Edfour, where there is an opportunity of seeing the Temple of Horus. At Esna you have a look at the Temple of Khnum and then go on to Luxor. The next night is spent at Nag Hamadi. At Baliana the Temple of Abydos is visited with the help of a car. Back at Luxor another couple of days are spent in being taken round the various tombs and temples before leaving by air for Cairo. The cost of such a tour is quoted by one travel agent as £204 5s.

Travel internally by air is by United Arab Airlines, who have services between Cairo and Alexandria, Cairo and Mersa Matruh, Cairo and Port Said, Cairo and Assuit, Cairo and Luxor and Cairo and Aswan. Travel by train is comfortable with air-conditioning. There are both first and second classes.

The Nile steamers services run only during the winter months. The *Sudan* goes from Assuit to Baliana, Dindara, Luxor, Esna, Kom-Ombo and Aswan, and then back to Assuit. The *Memphis* goes from Luxor to Esna, Kom-Ombo and Aswan back to Luxor.

The distances involved are rather more than most people appreciate. For an example, it is 610 miles from Cairo to Aswan, while it is 450 miles from Cairo to Luxor, and 235 miles from Cairo to Assuit. Buses only run between Cairo, Alexandria, Port Said, Ismailia, Suez and Fayum. Cars with drivers cost about £5 a day; taxis are 6d. a kilometre.

While charges for admission to museums, temples, tombs and archæological sites are nominal, there are so many of them that it is best to take out a season ticket which is available for a whole year and costs 30s.

One must obtain an entry visa to the U.A.R. for a period not exceeding three

A view from the Semiramis Hotel over Damascus, capital of th

Tahrir Midan (Liberation Square) in Cairo. In the centre background is the Nile Hilton Hotel. To the left is the Arab League Building with, beyond it, the new " Tower of Cairo "

months, although a transit visa can be obtained for a visit not exceeding seven days. Passengers on ships who wish to make a quick trip to Cairo while their vessel goes through the Suez Canal can obtain emergency three-day visas.

There are several ways of travelling to Egypt, by sea or by air, although not yet by rail. This may become possible, with the short sea-crossing from Gibraltar, if the projected Tangier-Cairo highway is completed. The P. & O-Orient and Union Castle's vessels go to Port Said direct from this country. You can travel overland to Marseilles, then on by steamer, or to Genoa, Naples, Venice or the Piræus. The Adriatica Line, for an example, has the *Esperia* sailing between Italy, Egypt, and the Lebanon. It is possible, too, to go by cargo steamer but services are infrequent. With a limited time at your disposal you would do best to travel by air to Cairo by one of the many services available. B.O.A.C., United Arab Airlines and Olympic Airways have services by Comet, calling at either Frankfurt, Zurich, Geneva or Rome en route. Cairo is a stop-over for many other international airlines. For instance, you can leave London on a Wednesday at 10.15 a.m. and be in Cairo at 8.25 p.m., not a long journey. The tourist return fare by air is £135 and first class £199 16s. There is an excursion tourist return fare available from May 1 to October 31, valid for twenty-three days, at £114 return.

Syrian part of the U.A.R.

A similar excursion tourist return fare is available for the same period to Damascus, capital of the Syrian part of the U.A.R. Syria has associations and antiquities which are as fascinating as those of Egypt and it offers a unique combination of Muslim, Christian, classical, and Syrian and Hittite treasures. In Damascus there is the house of Ananias, where, it is said, St. Paul's sight was restored, and the wall over which, later, he was lowered in a basket. There is the proud city of Queen Zenobia, Palmyra, which, with Baalbek, in neighbouring Lebanon, is among the outstanding archæological remains in the Near East. There is Krak des Chevaliers, a mighty fortress enduring through the centuries as a memorial of the Crusades.

You could well spend a fortnight in Damascus making two-day sallies out to places like Lattakia, Homs, Palmyra, and Aleppo. Good hotels are available, although standards vary in the countryside. Nevertheless, provided you take the advice of a travel agent for your journeys, you can sleep and eat very well in Syria, even though the menu is sometimes spelt rather oddly in English.

A tour of Syria is best combined with one of the Lebanon and Jordan. A typical tour lasting seventeen days, flying out from London by air, can cost as much as £301 19s. per head if there are only two of you, to £246 14s. if you are one of a party of four. With Beirut as a centre, you are taken out by car to the Cedars of Lebanon and the ruins of Byblos. On another day you drive out to the Krak des Chevaliers via Tripoli, and on another you go to Palmyra. A whole day is also spent at Baalbek, followed by a couple of days at Damascus. Perhaps the most dramatic part of this particular tour follows. You drive to Amman, the capital of Jordan, stay the night and go on by car to Eljeh. There you continue on horseback through the narrow gorge to the valley of Petra, where a night can be spent either in the Cave, or a tent, or at the Rest House. It is not quite clear whether the organisers offer you a choice, or whether accommodation is dictated by circumstances. The next day is spent in Petra and then you return via Amman, Jericho and the Dead Sea to Jerusalem. Three days are spent in the Holy City with organised visits and drives to the various places of pilgrimage, and then back to Beirut to catch the aeroplane for London. It is possible to continue this tour by flying to Cairo and spending three days there.

TRAVEL AGENCIES OFFERING READY-MADE TOURS AND HOLIDAYS IN THE U.A.R. AND OTHER MIDDLE EAST COUNTRIES.

American Express, 6, *Haymarket*, *S.W.*1
12-day tour of Egypt from £186 15s.
13-day tour to Beirut and Cairo from £188 15s.
Thos. Cook and Son Ltd., *Berkeley Street*, *W.*1.
21-day tour of Egypt from £157 10s.
22-day tour of Egypt including Nile steamer cruise from £204 5s.
17-day tour of Lebanon, Syria, Jordan and Egypt from £246 14s.
Incon Tours, 7, *Cromwell Road*, *S.W.*7.
18-day tour of Egypt from 178 guineas.
Perry's Tours, 87, *Regent Street*, *W.*1.
Swan's Tours, 260, *Tottenham Court Road*, *W.*1.
15-day holiday in Cairo from £149 14s.
Hellenic Travellers' Club Cruise to Greece, Egypt and Yugoslavia from September 7 to 23, 1961.

BOOKS

ALL-ROUNDER'S CAREER

Denzil Batchelor's new book and other autobiographies; this week's long list of recent fiction

" I have in my opinion (and I confess to being conceited) never succeeded in anything." So writes Mr. Denzil Batchelor who, no matter what he claims, has successfully pursued the vocations of poet, novelist, editor, art critic, wine expert, sports writer, columnist, war correspondent (he covered *both* sides during the Spanish Civil War), cosmetics salesman, television and broadcasting personality. His autobiography, BABBLED OF GREEN FIELDS (Hutchinson. 25s.), recalls Falstaff by its title and by the fact that, Mr. Batchelor will forgive me, he also can be described as an all-rounder. Many autobiographies are remembered by the brilliance and acuity with which the authors have described their contemporaries and given character sketches of the great they have known. Mr. Batchelor's book is not exceptional in this matter for he has some wonderful things to say and some admirable cracks to make on the subject of friends as diverse as Compton Mackenzie; that great Director of Naval Intelligence, Admiral " Blinker " Hall; Harry Waugh, who has " one of the three finest palates in Britain," and Alexander Woollcott. The point is that Mr. Batchelor has a lot to say besides and he writes with authority and charm on the severe switchbacks of his own career; on cricket, on lawn tennis, on boxing, on racing or on the erstwhile chancy business of getting enough food to keep him alive. And alive is just the word to sum up this unaffected, candid and forceful piece of sustained writing.

GREEN MEMORY (Methuen. 30s.) is a volume of autobiography and of subtle biographical sketches by L. A. G. Strong, who died, sad to say, nearly three years ago. Remembering the writer, his personality and the impact of his earlier books, the reader finds the present volume poignant indeed. It covers only the first half of Strong's life and ends with his decision to give up school-mastering and install himself as a professional writer in London. Strong had himself projected a further volume, naturally enough, but in fact the present one is immensely satisfying and a very true indication of the way in which his writer's career was to go. His stories of Garsington with its fabulous mixture of guests and of other literary circles are not just evidence of personal experience; they are vividly evocative of an era, a way of life and an inimitable hostess.

Brig.-General A. C. Critchley is something of a phenomenon. He attained that rank at the age of twenty-seven, he was responsible for initial R.A.F. training in two world wars, introduced greyhound racing, as we know it today, to this country and has functioned faithfully as a political stormy petrel and as a sportsman of international reputation. One thinks of his prowess most in connection with golf, at which game he is indeed a champion with the fortune to be married to that great golfer, Diana Fishwick. Eight years ago, when he was sixty-three, " Critch," as everyone calls him, went blind and CRITCH! (Hutchinson. 30s.) has been written by dictation, a gallant and optimistic gesture which reflects accurately enough his tough approach to the reverses as well as the triumphs of life.

ALBERT FINNEY relaxes in his dressing-room after playing the taxing title role in John Osborne's *Luther* at the Royal Court in London. His performance has been highly praised in London and Paris. *Luther* is going to the Edinburgh Festival, and will return to London, at the Phoenix Theatre, on September 5th

With very little fuss, feathers or publicity, a novel by Miss Rosalie Packard has arrived and many of us who enjoy making our own discoveries will welcome it and, having enjoyed it, wish to tell our more perceptive friends about it. THE PLASTIC SMILE (Constable. 15s.) is a title taken from a phrase of the late, great Raymond Chandler's: " The bartender was polishing a glass with that plastic smile people wear when they are trying not to scream." The reference is inspired, although this is by no means a story about bar frequenters. The mood is all. On reflection I will not reveal anything but the setting, London and a New York suburb, and the principal character, an intelligent, witty young woman who has her difficulties and surmounts them. This may seem a teasing process in a reviewer but if you were to begin reading this lively novel I am fairly assured that you would derive a considerable amount of enjoyment from it. I know I did and I can't say fairer than that.

THE MAN IN THE WHITE RAIN-COAT (Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.) is an odd example of the same kind of subject treated in an altogether different manner. Mr. Richard Lebherz has written about a beautiful woman (as compared with an un-pretty, very attractive one), and has told her story through the medium of a friendly, extrovert woman neighbour in the near-New York community where they have both come to live. The differences between these two novels are not entirely caused by the English or American approach but by the basic difference in the authors' senses of the real and the romantic. Pure chance sends these two novels in the same week. Only personal taste can determine which is the more enjoyable. My own vote goes to Miss Packard's.

THE LIFELINE (Collins. 18s.) is a fourth novel by Mr. Hugo Charteris; a writer who has imagination, vitality and the sort of dynamic freshness which is apt to expose the reader to a series of little shocks, more or less galvanic according to the reader's alertness. The scene is a remote little Highland town and

THE PUNJAB CHANGES

A picture of modern India in transition

Prakash Tandon's grandfather lived in the Punjab before the days of British rule; his father made his way in the service of the British; and he himself has risen to the top in modern managerial India. PUNJABI CENTURY, 1857-1947 (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) presents a picture of the great sub-continent in transition. Mr. Tandon writes with charm and breadth of vision, and if he himself has embraced new ways he none the less writes about the old with genuine feeling, about the slowness and intensity of family life, the certainty of each man's obligation, the constant contact with the village and the farmer. This book does not cover the whole of Mr. Tandon's experience of the Indian revolution, the chief emphasis being upon the British Punjab as it grew in the years after the Sikh Wars and the Mutiny, began to die in the 1930's, and finally disappeared in the riots of 1947. It is clear we can expect a sequel from Mr. Tandon.

British misconceptions about Spain are numerous and deeply, if not particularly well, founded. Even the last decade of intensive tourism seems to have done little to put them right. It may well be that we have exaggerated the importance of government in Spain and under-estimated the continuing importance of the family, thereby gaining a picture of a land that is thoroughly regimented and in which all the freedoms are subordinated. In IMAGE OF SPAIN (Harrap. 21s.), James Cleugh attempts to give a balanced picture of the peninsula and its people, its arts, sciences, educational system, social customs and cuisine. It is a fascinating picture, full of colour and life, and you will search in vain for a long disquisition on the bullfight. The chapter on education is of special insight and interest. The emphasis is clearly on spiritual rather than material considerations. There are still not nearly enough schools in Spain and illiteracy in the country is about 14 per cent. The chapters on sightseeing provide a useful general guide.

Carl Mydans, photographer and journalist, has collected some rich and rare experiences in peace and war in many parts of the world in pursuit of his profession. In MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE (Hutchinson. 25s.) he sets down some of those experiences in a series of enthralling chapters. Many readers will particularly enjoy the tale about the brewery in Leghorn. The town had scarcely been taken from the Germans in World War II when the military police made the brewery " off limits " to all troops, much to the disgust of thousands of thirsty Americans and Australians. How Mydans and his friends broke down the M.P.s' resistance is an example of really intelligent soldiering. Many of the stories reflect the author's sojourn in Tokyo, and the account of the visit to Admiral Kurita, who so nearly destroyed the Americans at the Battle of Leyte Gulf is intensely dramatic. At that interview Admiral Kurita learned for the first time that had he pressed on he would have secured the annihilation of Admiral Kinkaid's force.

Another American traveller with a gift for story-telling is Hamilton Basso. A QUOTA OF SEAWEED (Collins. 16s.) tells of sights and scenes and people encountered in Brazil, Spain, Honduras, Jamaica, Tahiti and Samoa. Mr. Basso's gifts as a novelist are well known. Here he emerges as a travel writer in the Pierre Loti tradition.

Air Commodore G. Millington was one of the original band of Spitfire pilots who flew with cameras instead of guns, who made long, lonely flights over enemy terrain, while photographing troop movements and ground defences. The Air Commodore tells his story in THE UNSEEN EYE (Anthony Gibbs and Phillips. 16s.), and a very good story it is, too, full of hair-raising adventures. What is of special interest is the way Millington and his colleagues perfected this new and important technique of warfare.

A FINE CITY, NORWICH (Country Life for Norwich Insurance Societies. 18s.) is a charming gift volume in full colour. While the cathedral is dominant in Norwich, this volume reveals also the city's great variety of architecture and landscape.

R. C. E.

the focal point of all the action, all the discussion and all the near-endless description in detail is a giant of a man who is bearded, loquacious, inventive and the hero of a long series of adventures. Mr. Charteris writes about Scotland from the head, the heart and the sense of the absurd. His novel is more than a little overwhelming but scarcely ever dull.

THE QUEST (Heinemann. 18s.) is a first novel by a young American writer, Mr. Frederick Karl. With a background of Florence during the war years under German occupation, and up to the moment of allied liberation, Mr. Karl has written a powerful and, on the whole, a sympathetic story of an Italian woman, her child and her brother who is an active and gallant member of the Italian resistance movement. Even more important to the plot is the signora's lover who might, without too much cynicism, be termed a professional exile, half-lost in cloudy dreams of eventual victory, unrealistic and, in the end, involved in an act of courage far too big for his capacities. More than readable and always a credible reconstruction of what might have happened then.

The next batch of fiction comes from the United States and the list opens with Mr. John Cheevers' book, a collection of short stories and what are loosely known as " pieces," under the heading of SOME PEOPLE, PLACES, AND THINGS THAT WILL NOT APPEAR IN MY NEXT NOVEL (Gollancz. 16s.). This is not the sort of title which automatically rouses curiosity in the reader; on the contrary he may find it anything from affected to downright daft, but the fact is that this is an immensely rewarding book, packed with humour, the sharpest of observation and that well-honed edge of satire peculiar to the unromantic school of American novelists. Recommended.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS (Constable. 21s.) is a vast novel without the cutting edge of even a butter knife. On the other hand, it has been well planned, well thought out and written with the utmost conviction by Mr. Evan Hunter, who has that odd little, powerful little gift of being a story-teller. Which is to say that this saga, far too long, overloaded with cross plots and cross characters, is nevertheless a compelling piece of writing about a group of American women, their parents and their lovers, moving erratically against a backcloth of New England universities, New York and the film-making part of California.

Mr. Frank Yerby is, even in the most restrained terms, an extraordinary writer and perhaps one of the most extraordinary things about him is his writing career during which he has not so far chalked up even a near-miss. GILLIAN (Heinemann. 18s.) is his latest romantic novel and it is concerned, not departing too widely from formula, with a highly explosive situation in one of the southern states of America. Birmingham, Alabama, is the place and 1908 the year. Passion, murder, creeping suspicions and the darkest of doings form its plot and, whether you like this kind of thing or not, it is effective, fast-moving and readable.

A RUSH ON THE ULTIMATE (Gollancz. 15s.) is this week's thriller or, rather, detective story, since it fails in a notable degree to provide any actual thrills. Mr. H. R. F. Keating is an original, which is nice, and except for a variation of the country-house theme, doesn't cling to any particular formula in this, his latest book. The new gimmick is, surprisingly and amusingly, the game of croquet which, to anyone who has seen it played with fanatic devotion either here or in America, will seem pretty reasonable. The murder itself provides a mystery by being both straightforward and un-clued. My criticism would not be for the lack of individuality in the manner but for the improbability of the dialogue and the almost total lack of identity among the women.

Vernon Fane

Cornelius (Rad Fulton) and Tansy (Juliet Mills) escape on a Scottish camping holiday in the new British film comedy

Tansy prepares to return to school helped by Flanigan (David Lodge; left) and Thomas (Michael Craig)

NO, MY DARLING DAUGHTER

at the Odeon, Leicester Square

The problems of a business tycoon with a growing daughter form the subject of the new Rank comedy, produced by Betty Box and directed by Ralph Thomas. It had its première in London on Thursday, August 10. Playing the tycoon, Sir Mathew Carr, is Michael Redgrave, and as the daughter, Tansy, is Juliet Mills, daughter of John Mills. The first part of the picture shows Tansy changing from schoolgirl to attractive teenager. The second part concerns young love, complicated by parental fears that the young man, Cornelius, is actuated by love of money.

Queueing for a pick-me-up on the morning after—Sir Mathew (Sir Michael Redgrave; left) and Henry (Roger Livesey)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

G. E. McWatters

The chairman and managing director of the famous wine merchants, John Harvey and Sons Ltd. of Bristol, Mr. McWatters from his early days always wanted to enter the wine trade. George Edward McWatters was born in India in 1922 where his father was serving in the Indian Army. He was educated at Clifton College, Bristol. Hardly had he started his apprenticeship in the trade when war broke out. He enlisted in the Indian Army, eventually reaching the rank of major. He saw much of his service on the North-West Frontier. On demobilisation, Mr. McWatters resumed his wine studies and in 1947 was awarded the Vintners' Scholarship to visit leading European wine centres. He rose quickly through various positions at Harveys, succeeding the late Mr. J. St. Clair Harvey as chairman in 1956. Since then, Mr. McWatters has pursued a policy of expansion for the firm. It became a public company in 1958; in the same year plans were made for Harvey House, the new warehouse and bottling plant at Whitchurch, Bristol. It was completed last year. Harveys has also expanded through acquiring subsidiaries. Mr. McWatters is prominent in West of England trade organisations and politics. A former Gloucestershire rugby player, he supports many sports as well as Harveys' patronage of the Arts. Last year he married Mrs. Joy Matthews, a well-known journalist. They have homes in Bristol and London

TRADING IN COTTON TEXTILES

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

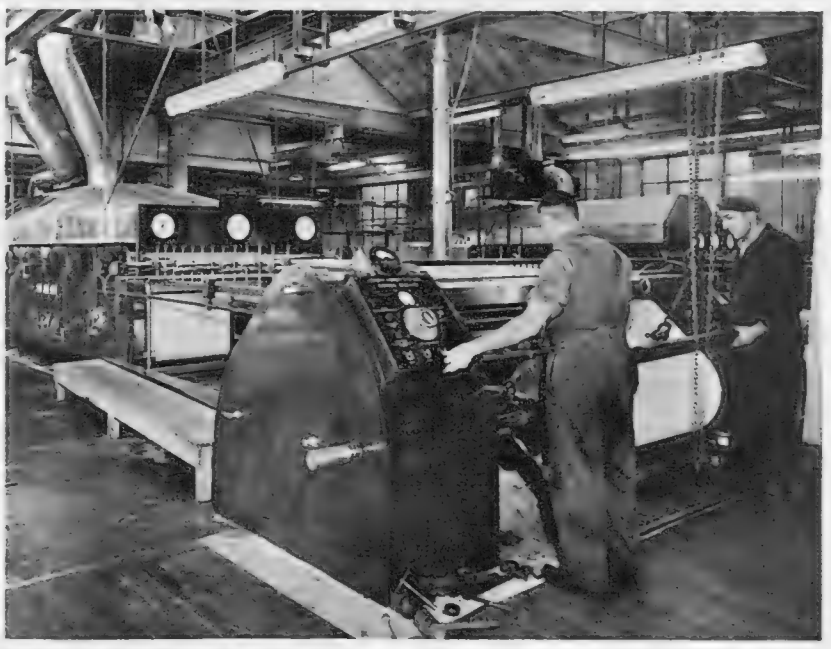
When does free trade turn into "disruptive competition"? Answer: "When your exports can beat me in my own home market." It all depends, as the Americans say, upon "whose ox is being gored." The General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, familiarly called "Gatt," was set up at the end of the last world war to promote the ideals of multilateral free trade, and to remove all kinds of barriers to the free commercial movement of goods throughout the world, be they tariffs or quantitative restrictions or particular preferential agreements between particular countries. But any representative of a developing Oriental nation who turned up in Geneva a month ago, expecting that the special Gatt meeting to consider textile trade there implied anything approaching free trade, soon had his illusions in shreds. In words carefully chosen to mean roughly the opposite of what they said, the older industrialised countries spelled out what they meant by free trade: a tightly-protective control over the expansion of imports of cheap textiles from the Far East.

Lancashire, which has long since squandered the fortunes it made 100 years ago by being efficient enough to dominate a world free trade in cotton textiles that moved in exactly the opposite direction to which free trade would move cotton textiles today, was one of the industries arranging this protection; but it is only fair to say that it was not the prime mover. This honour fell to the United States, which, in the intervals of offering military and economic aid to the uncommitted nations, is busy arranging not to accept the kind of goods they can make most efficiently into its own home market.

Canada, a developing nation that is farther along in industrial technique than, say, Hong Kong, though not in the same league as exports. As a result, imports represented about 40 per cent. of our total home purchases of cloth—though a very large proportion of these imports were cloth to which something will have to be done by one processor or another in this country. Imports into Canada were significantly larger than its home production. By comparison with this kind of experience, imports into the United States were no more than a fleabite—464,000,000 square yards against a home production of 9,328,000,000 square yards, or less than 5 per cent. of home output. But it only takes about one flea inside its home market to make an American industry scream for protection.

The British consumer—and protection always indirectly operates against the consumer, by limiting his choice—may recall that two years ago, in his capacity as taxpayer, he became committed to taking care of Lancashire in a different way. The Government agreed first to pay Lancashire mills a subsidy for not producing, and getting rid of old, inefficient, or just idle machinery; and then to pay part of the cost of re-equipping some of the mills with more efficient spinning and weaving machinery. The first part of this programme has been completed, giving mill-owners who took out redundant capacity some £16,000,000 from the Government and from a fund levied upon mills staying in business. Re-equipment assistance will bring up the amount Lancashire gets from the taxpayer to about £20,000,000.

Britain is the largest importer of any developed country, though its imports are confined to Commonwealth suppliers, shutting out Japan, the earliest of the Eastern textile exporters and still a power in the world export trade in cloth. The only increase in Britain's imports



Some of the modern cotton combing machines installed in the all-electric mill of Hague Textiles Ltd., at Chadderton, in Lancashire. **Right:** In the modernisation at a cost of £30,000 of the size-house at the mill of A. S. Orr and Co. Ltd., Bamber Bridge, near Preston, electronic controls have taken the place of rule-of-thumb methods. The photographs show some of the new machinery installed under the Cotton Industry Reorganisation Scheme

Japan, was also after protection for one of the highest-cost textile industries in the world. These countries' presence at Geneva seemed to be mainly for the purpose of arranging to push the nations of Western Europe into taking rather more cottons from the East so that they themselves could manage to import rather less. And this, broadly, they achieved in the arrangements that were accepted in outline—though there remains some argument about how the ambiguous and lofty phrasing of this agreement will really work out.

The textile delegations agreed, in these arrangements, that there should be "significant" increases in imports into countries that at present apply restrictions (though Britain was quick to add, "Not us"); to maintain "orderly" rate of imports into markets not at present imposing restrictions; and to secure from the Far Eastern exporters "a measure of restraint" to avoid "disruptive effects" in importing countries. For the year from October 1961, the importing countries concerned will request exporters to hold their exports there down to a specified level, beyond which they may "decline to accept imports." This is a delicate phrase for the kind of quota restrictions that are formally outlawed by the original Gatt agreement.

It is rather easy to get impatient with this double-talk; but even the convinced free-trader should not ignore that there is a real problem here. Last year, for example, cotton cloth imports into Britain equalled about 60 per cent. of the volume of production achieved in Lancashire; they were more than twice as large as our steadily-dwindling that might possibly come from the new Gatt arrangements is in purchases from Japan; the Japanese feel that this agreement committed Britain to open its doors to their cloth, though Britain emphasised, reasonably, the fact that its voluntarily limited imports of cloth from Hong Kong, India and Pakistan are far larger than any other developed country's imports from anywhere. The Geneva talks followed a period in which British industrialists and commercial negotiators had tried, not very successfully, to persuade these Commonwealth exporters to renew their three-year agreement to hold imports down.

What these under-developed exporters did achieve at Geneva was an agreement by the Common Market countries, primarily France, to increase their import quotas for Eastern cloth, possibly by as much as 60 per cent. The steady growth of Eastern competition for Lancashire, curiously enough, has had the effect of making mill-owners warm to the idea of entering the Common Market—not so much in order to increase our own trade there as to get away from the preferences that we give Commonwealth producers at present. The main incentive is to get inside the significant tariff wall that already exists against textiles around the Common Market. This not altogether edifying display of self-interest, however, may encounter new snags when Britain negotiates its way into the E.E.C.; the Six have some successful textile industries, too, which have recently managed to remain net exporters with greater success than Lancashire. Shutting out trade from countries that you expect to go on buying your own exports, in the long run, is a dubious policy.

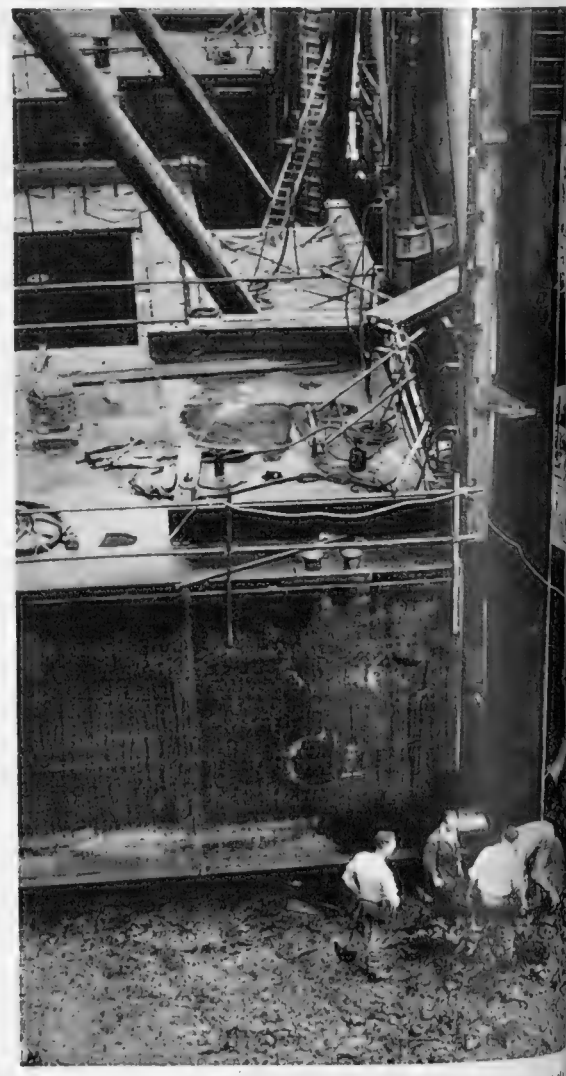
At work on the foundations of the Dungeness 580-mW Nuclear Power Station. It is due in operation in 1964

Being completed in Folkestone Harbour, before it is towe

NUCLEAR POWER FOR PEACEFUL USE

The depth is marked in feet on a pile of the water cooler

Work is well advanced on a number of nuclear power stations being constructed in England and Wales for the Central Electricity Generating Board. Two of them are finished and due to be fuelled early this month—Bradwell in Essex, a 300-mW station built by the Nuclear Power Plant Company Ltd., and Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, built by A.E.I.-John Thompson Nuclear Energy Co. Ltd. Of the others, the huge Hinkley Point Station, rated at 550 mW, under construction by the English Electric, Babcock and Wilcox, Taylor Woodrow Atomic Power Construction Co. Ltd., is due to be completed by the end of next year. Work started on another technically advanced nuclear power station, Dungeness, last year and is reported well up to schedule. One of the most interesting features of its building programme, undertaken by the Nuclear Power Group, is the construction of the water cooling system. This has been completed in Folkestone Harbour and towed to Dungeness. The octagonal structure, 75ft. high and weighing 1,100 tons, will straddle the water cooling tunnel leading from the station to the sea. Water used to condense the steam driving the generators will be drawn from the sea.



Engineers wade in the mud at low tide at Folkestone to put

to Dungeness, is the octagonal water cooler

finishing touches to the cooling system

Number One reactor nears completion at Berkeley Nuclear Power Station, being built on the estuary of the River Severn

Left: A view of the control room for the 275-mW power station at Berkeley in Gloucestershire

Below: At the 550-mW nuclear power station under construction at Hinkley Point in Somerset, the No. 1 and No. 2 reactor buildings are in the centre. Left background is the turbine hall

PLACES FOR CABLES

Right: At the Hydraulics Research Station at Wallingford, Berkshire, a model of a proposed harbour is prepared for tests inside the Wave Basin Enclosure

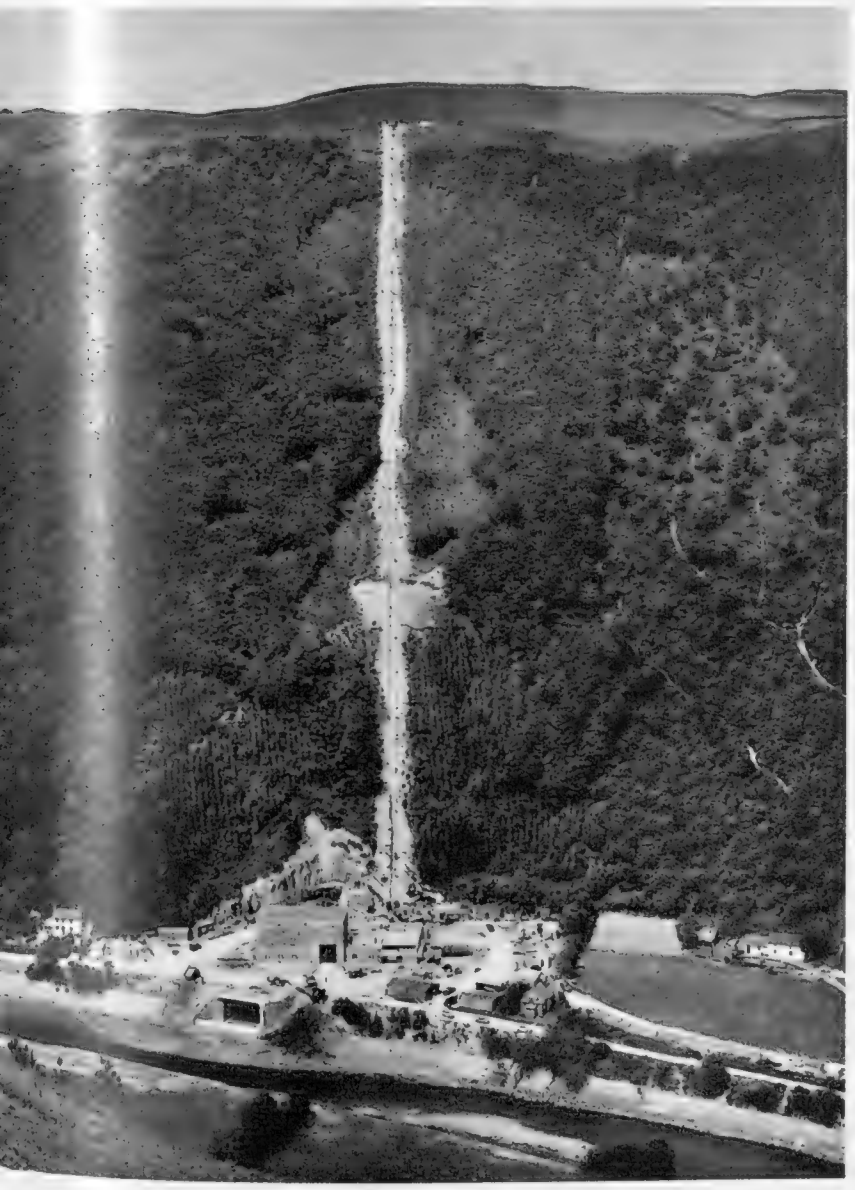
Connecting up to full power at one of the service pits in the new £6,000,000 B.E.A. base at London Airport. **Below:** The East outer hangar at the base, with a Vanguard in the foreground

In every new building and industrial installation are to be found cables as varied in size and use as the structures they serve. Illustrated on these two pages are three different sites for which British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd. have supplied their products. Some 2,500 yards of mineral insulated cables were manufactured and installed in the newly-built Wave Basin Enclosure at the Hydraulics Research Station of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research at Wallingford in Berkshire. The 242-ft. long structure enclosure, with two wave basins, was designed to study, on a model scale, problems of harbour design, ship behaviour and the erosion of beaches. Mineral insulated cables, being fireproof, are particularly suitable for installation in a building of wooden construction.

Over 250 miles of a wide variety of cables for electrical services, costing in all about £800,000, were supplied by B.I.C.C. for the new engineering and maintenance base for British European Airways at London Airport. All the services needed in the building, for which the main contractors were Holland & Hannen and Cubitts (G.B.) Ltd., are installed in the 49,200 sq. ft. of basement, lying under the main workshop. At floor level, each hangar bay is provided with five pits which give a variety of socket outlets for electric power.

An important export order awarded to B.I.C.C. is the £2,700,000 contract for the manufacture and the laying of the submarine power cable which is to run between North and South Island, of New Zealand.

A 33-kV cable is lowered down the hillside to form part of the Cwm Rheidol hydro-electric scheme, 12 miles inland from Aberystwyth in the Welsh Mountains. Below: From the opposite hillside can be seen the power station and the route of the two cables, designed to withstand stresses involved in being installed on steep gradients. The 4½-in.-diameter cables each weigh 20 tons. When the job is completed, everything possible will be done to cover up traces of the cable track



INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

PROPERTY GROUPS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

"The increase in Bank Rate to 7 per cent. and the Chancellor's request to banks and insurance companies to restrain lending to property groups has produced two sorts of property development firms—those that have already secured their funds and the less fortunate who have not." This view, voiced recently by a firm of City stockbrokers, points to the sharp division that has now appeared among property groups. Best placed are the large development companies who are assured of finance for schemes already in hand. After these rank the development firms who have formed links with insurance companies, while least favoured of all are the smaller development concerns who have not formed close associations with insurance companies and still rely on bank finance. Mr. J. B. Andrews, chairman of the St. Martin's le Grand Property Co., one of the largest groups, stated recently that the increase in Bank Rate to 7 per cent. combined with general credit restrictions "is going to make development much more costly, if not impossible, where one has to seek extensive bank finance."

For investors, the favoured few among property development companies—investment companies do not need such large injections of cash—will be those that arranged their short-term financing in the weeks before the Chancellor's July measures. Of the large groups, four that achieved this aim are Land Securities, City Centre, Capital and Counties, and St. Martin's. Among smaller groups, two that have also formed links are Chesterfield Properties and Union Properties. Mr. Harold Samuel's Land Securities Trust, one of the first groups to reach major status after the war, has been associated with Legal and General Assurance for several years. In 1959, for example, Land Securities issued to Legal and General stock convertible into ordinary shares as security for a £6,000,000 loan. Earlier this year, a further large financing move took place with Legal and General agreeing to advance £15,000,000, to be paid by 1964. A further block of ordinary shares were earmarked for Legal and General, this time 1,500,000 10s. shares to be sold at 30s. each. Even given the size of Land Securities' expansion plans, this £15,000,000 should cover short-term financing needs and all requirements during the period of the restraint on bank and insurance company lending.

Of all groups, probably best known is Mr. Jack Cotton's and Mr. Charles Clore's City Centre Properties. This is now linked with several leading insurance companies and with a number of industrial companies' pension funds in development and financing schemes. City Centre's important recent move, announced only a few weeks before the Chancellor revealed his new measures, was a £19,000,000 issue of convertible loan stock. Launching the issue, City Centre directors stated that they planned to raise the current 25·3 per cent. dividend to a minimum of 40 per cent. during the period of the conversion (1962-64) and expressed their view that this estimate should be substantially exceeded.

Capital and Counties Property Co., headed by Mr. Leslie Marler, has major developments under way for a 5-acre estate in Knightsbridge. This will be one of London's largest property plans over the next few years, while Capital and Counties have longer-term schemes to develop the Strand and are interested in a number of projects in the provinces. Norwich Union Life Insurance have been associated with Capital and Counties for some time, and last year Mr. Marler announced that Norwich had supplied £2,500,000 of debenture finance. Another move, which should cover the cost of the group's principal developments planned over the next seven years, was announced last July when Norwich and the Prudential agreed to make £18,300,000 available.

All these financing schemes had naturally been under consideration for some time before the Chancellor's measures were announced. Bank credit had been growing dearer and more difficult to obtain for some time before July this year, and a number of companies aimed to place their borrowings on a longer-term basis. One company which realised this aim was St. Martin's le Grand Property Co. This group, which is associated with the merchant banking firm of S. G. Warburg, has formed links with Union Corporation and more recently with Yorkshire Insurance and with the pension fund of one of the Big Five banks. Speaking to shareholders after the Chancellor's announcement, Mr. J. B. Andrews reported that finance was secure for developments in hand. Several smaller property groups were completing arrangements for long-term finance during the first half of this year. One of these smaller concerns was Mr. H. H. Wingate's Chesterfield Properties, whose assets include the Curzon and Columbia cinemas in the West End of London.

For investors, it seems a fair inference that all these property groups should have sufficient finance, on reasonable terms, to meet their present requirements. For those investors who are still cautious about the short run, there are great attractions in City Centre's loan stock. This offers a guaranteed fixed return of over 5½ per cent. if kept to 1970, while holding out scope for useful capital gains if City Centre's share price improves in the meantime. Land Securities and Capital and Counties rank as two of the leading property equities, but current dividend yields are low and should be increased by developments which will mature only over the next two to three years.

MOTORING

STATE OF THE MARKET

Testing the new Singer Vogue

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Now that we know the June production and export figures for British cars we can take a look at the first six months of 1961 as a whole and see the scale of the industry's recovery—or lack of it—from the winter slump. Here are the production and export totals for the first half-year compared with those for 1960.

	Output	*Exports*
1960	798,012	364,298
1961	501,669	178,891

The figures are rather depressing and would be still more so but for the improvement in June, when 115,960 cars were built (against 148,114 in June 1960) and 31,937 exported (compared with 46,241). The gap between the production and export figures in June compared with the sixth month of 1960 was smaller in each case than for any previous month so far this year: a fact which helped car production for the half year to total rather more than half last year's comparable figure. Exports for the six months were less than half last year's comparable figure, largely as a result of the sensational collapse of the industry's U.S. market.

In the first three months of 1960 we sold 55,200 cars worth £24,200,000 in the U.S. It was our best export market. In the same three months this year sales slumped to a mere 3,100, worth £2,300,000, and the U.S. dropped to fourth place in the list of our best customer-countries (behind Canada, New Zealand and Australia).

The export market as a whole is still extremely sluggish and although most of the British car firms are back on full-time working, the prospects are not bright, even allowing for the fact that seasonal trading has returned and that this is the time of year when the order books begin to thin out.

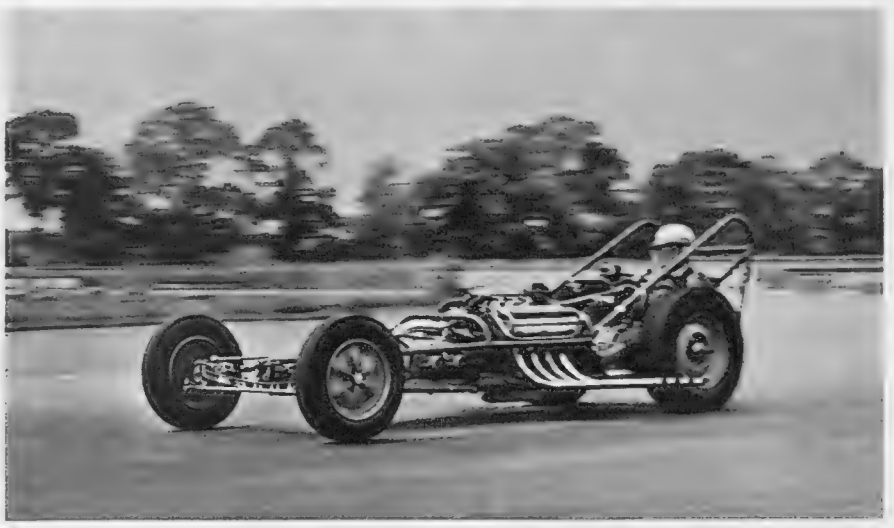
Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's economic measures will set the industry back still further, on the car side, and make it more grateful than ever that production and exports of commercial vehicles have never been better. By damping down home sales with his 5 per cent. purchase tax increase, another 3d. a gallon duty on petrol and a Bank Rate jump which has helped hire-purchase interest to rocket from 7½ per cent. to 9 per cent., the Chancellor of the Exchequer has undoubtedly brought forward the date when the car industry will be back on short-time working.

Much more enjoyable than studying the Board of Trade figures was a road test of the new 1.6-litre, £956 Singer Vogue, whose elegant new styling, including dual headlamps, attracted much attention wherever I went. It is a deceptive car, with a lively performance, yet possessing just the right degree of dignity and restraint, inside and out, for the businessman who wants to impress his customers as well as his neighbours. You have to sit and ride in the Vogue to appreciate fully the extra room it gives in comparison with that of its sister, the Singer Gazelle (which continues in production with a bigger engine, smaller price—in spite of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd—and improved specification).

The engine is smooth and quiet, the soundproofing is good and this is a car you can see out of easily and safely. The windows wind up and down effortlessly; I like the neat little door handles; and the fascia, with its horizontal speedometer and toggle switches, is pleasing to look at.

On the splendid new Maidenhead by-pass I found that the Vogue does a genuine 80 m.p.h. On a quieter stretch of road acceleration tests showed that this sturdy, well-finished car gets up to 70 m.p.h. in less than 30 seconds. I was unable to make an exact petrol consumption check but I do not disbelieve the makers when they claim that at a steady 50 m.p.h. the Vogue does 33.5 m.p.g. in ordinary top gear and better than 38 m.p.g. in overdrive (offered as an optional extra).

The thing I liked least about the Vogue was the steering which, on the car I tested, was heavier than it should have been. I found it sometimes called for a surprising amount of physical effort on corners taken at low speeds. The seat squabs support the small of the back in the way they should but I personally would like more support under the thighs. I can't help wondering if the dual headlamps are a mistake from the styling point of view. Perhaps I am getting prematurely tired of this quadruple illumination (as far as appearence goes). Can it be that only the bigger cars, like the Vogue's stable-mate, the Humber Super Snipe, should use dual lamps? Be that as it may, it seems that this styling gimmick is rapidly losing its novelty and that before long new cars with old-fashioned single lamps will have an air of quiet distinction.



Mr. Sydney Allard, the famous British rally driver, tries out his American-style sprint car at Silverstone. The dragster, built by Mr. Allard, is powered with a 5083-c.c. Chrysler V8 engine and is designed to attack the unofficial record for the standing-start quarter-mile. In the recent Silverstone trials, he covered the quarter-mile in 9.5 seconds on one run

A cut of £60 in the total price of the de luxe Hillman Minx has been announced by the Rootes Group. The basic price is now £498, increased by purchase tax to £727. The model has been given a larger engine of 1,592 c.c. which develops 56½ brake horse power and which is claimed to be more economical than the old 1½-litre unit.

The standard Minx saloon is discontinued. The convertible and estate car versions have also been re-equipped with the larger 1.6-litre engine and reduced in price. The convertible now costs £890 including tax (a cut of £8 on the price following the purchase tax increase); and the estate car £873 (a drop of £10).

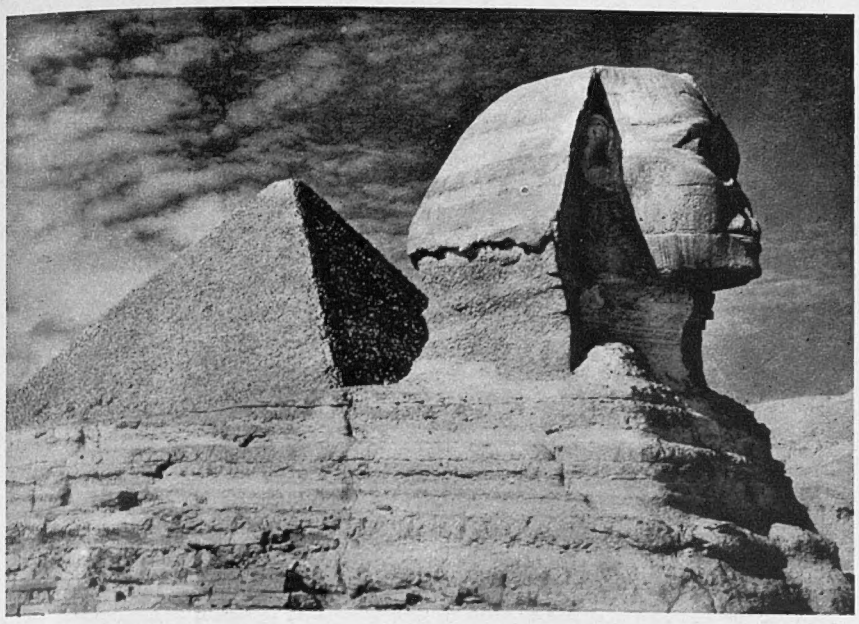
Mr. L. J. Barnett, managing director of the British end of the French Total oil empire, has been telling me about a big new Total garage which is due for opening in the centre of Leicester later this year. "This is something very special," he told me, "and may well be the pattern for petrol marketing of the future. In addition to a huge petrol forecourt where fourteen vehicles can be fuelled at once, there will be a Multideck car park with room for 1,050 cars, an Auto-Magic five-minute car washing system capable of handling 2,000 cars a day, a restaurant seating 300, a supermarket, shops and, if planning permission is obtained, the first 36-lane ten-pin bowling alley on one floor in Britain."

The man responsible for the overall development of this project is Mr. Maurice Weston, managing director of the Multideck Development Group. Associated with him and Mr. Barnett is Mr. Hilton Lowndes, head of the Auto-Magic car laundry firm, to whom Total have sub-leased the car park, service station and shopping centre. "In Leicester," Mr. Barnett remarked, "a motoring family will be able, almost under one roof, to buy petrol and oil, have the car washed, park the car, do the shopping and even find amusement on the bowling alley." The Leicester scheme is part of a £750,000 development plan. The Multideck group have already built a smaller ramped car park in Bristol. Parking charges at Leicester are expected to be 6d. an hour or between 2s. 6d. and 3s. a day.

Other British car firms are expected to follow the example of the British Motor Corporation in revising their car warranties. B.M.C. have made a good job of theirs. Even Mr. John Lucas, the Oxford don who criticised the B.M.C. warranty at the Corporation's annual meeting last December, is reported as saying he is "completely satisfied." The main changes are: provision for the payment of labour charges involved in the replacement of faulty parts (which will continue to be supplied free); inclusion of all components—except tyres—not made by B.M.C. but "bought out" by them from the firms specialising in products like windscreen wipers, batteries and instruments; operation for a full twelve months, whether or not the car changes hands.

The warranty retains the controversial "exclusion clause" through which B.M.C. seeks to avoid responsibility for personal injuries or other consequential liabilities should one of their cars crash because of faulty workmanship or defective parts. At the same time B.M.C. will no longer require purchasers of their cars to sign the warranty. A Corporation spokesman was unable to say whether a customer still loses his common law rights if the warranty does not actually bear his signature.

Briefly. . . . The Minister of Transport has increased to more than 600 miles the total length of British roads designated as "Clearways" and on which motor traffic is forbidden to stop. . . . The Lambretta-Trojan Group, of Croydon, Surrey, has taken over the manufacturing and world sales rights of the Heinkel three-wheel bubble-car and has renamed it the Trojan. . . .



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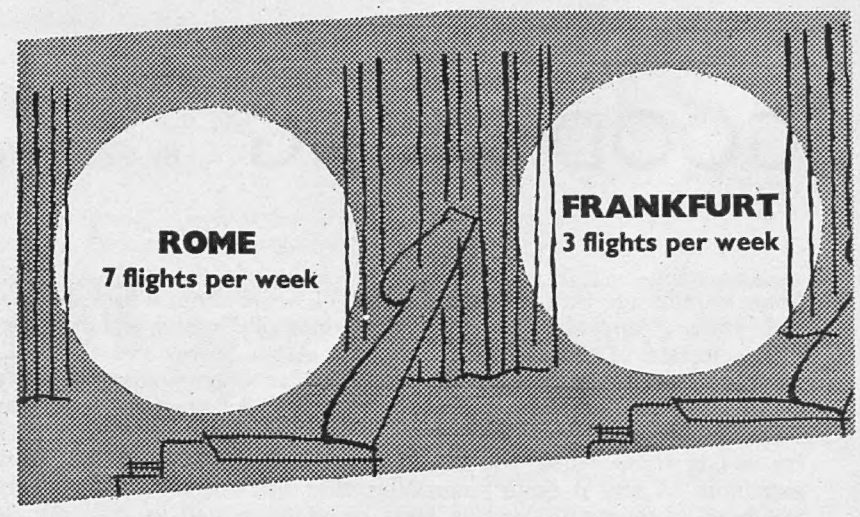
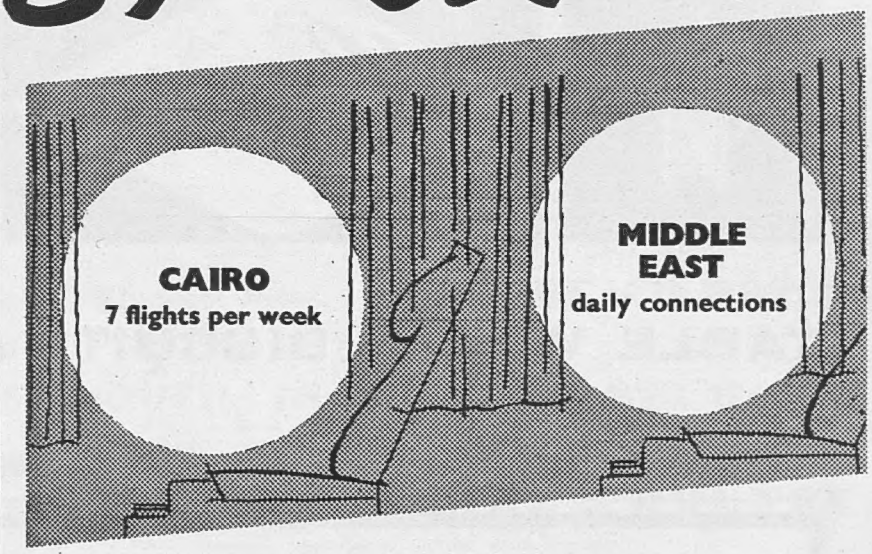


GET AWAY...

BY UAA



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GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

Some months ago (in the March 25 issue) I wrote about a firm specialising in the " rare and lesser-known " wines of France, and reported on a selection of their wines. This firm, Asher Storey and Co. Ltd., have now extended their range and I had an opportunity of tasting some of the recent additions to their list. I feel I must make it clear that this company does not sell to the public, and so if you want to try any of these wines, you must ask for them from your own wine merchant. I find it quite remarkable that Mr. Asher's specialisation has been so successful, and he must be congratulated for his courage and perseverance. Let us be honest: most members of the great British public are known to buy only products they know, or have at least heard of, and I am sure that this is very much the case where the buying of wine is concerned. Mr. Asher's efforts may be aided by the growing popularity of travel, and there are bound to be returned " explorers," who remember with nostalgia " that little *vin du pays* we had that evening at . . .", and ask for it wherever they go for years afterwards. It is doubtful, by the way, if that little wine will taste as good ever again in different surroundings. But such cases cannot in reality account for more than a fraction of Mr. Asher's business. Therefore these lesser-known wines must be becoming more popular, simply because, being lesser known, they are better value for money.

The first of the new additions I tasted was Sancerre-Chavignol, 1960. Chavignol is a small hamlet within the Sancerre appellation area, and the vines are planted on chalky soil. It has the general character of Sancerre, but also something hard to define of its own. It might be said perhaps that it is a certain mildness. Otherwise it is light, dry, fresh and quite elegant, costing about 15s. 6d. a bottle. La Roche au Moines 1957 is a new addition to the list from the Côteaux de la Loire region of Anjou, or, more precisely, from Savennières, and is bottled at the domaine of Baron Brincard. It is a powerful, if not, strictly speaking, great wine with a very neat balance of its ingredients—about 15s. 6d. Red wines of the Loire seldom come from Anjou, and Saumur-Champigny Rouge 1960 is one of the few exceptions. To be drunk very young, this is good value at about 9s. 6d. a bottle. From the Orléannais, with a glorious past, but nowadays only regarded as a " little café wine," is St. Jean de Braye 1959; in this case having the benefit of a very good year, it exceeds the usual quality and makes a reasonable buy at 10s. 6d. a bottle. A wine with the higher reputation of reds from Touraine is Chinon 1960, which has the characteristic flavour of its Cabernet grape, and an unexpected round softness, which may be due to some extent to a low acid content (10s. 6d.).

Most of us have heard of the fabulous Château Grillet on the right bank of the Rhône at the southern end of the Condrieu region. This small vineyard, under single ownership with a total annual production barely in excess of eight casks, produces a superb white wine, which has been given its own appellation *contrôlée*, entirely to itself. This is a great wine, in strong demand in its own area. It is understandable that it is seldom available for shipping to this country. Mr. Asher has been able to import a small quantity of the 1959 only, so I don't expect his stocks will last very long. In my view it is well worth the price of 25s. a bottle.

Two wines from the Savoie have been added to the list; like the Crépy I mentioned in the previous article, they are very light and fragile, and will not stand up very well to shipment in cask, and therefore they are sold in original bottles. The Vin des Abymes (12s. 6d.) is a light, dry, crisp and pleasant white wine, while the Gamay de Savoie, at the same price, is one of the few reds of the region, made of the same grapes as the wine of the Beaujolais, to which it is just a little similar, with less weight. But it is fruity and is said to keep well. I have only dealt with the new additions to this most interesting list, but, needless to say, it still contains the firm's other specialities, among them their well-known wines from the Jura, which are attracting a public of their own, I am told.

We must soon reach the time when no more new wine-growing countries can be discovered and introduced on the British market. With the recent introduction of Rumanian wines by Messrs. Norton and Langridge very little can be left for the blazer of new trails on either side of the Iron Curtain. Our choice of wines now ranges from the better and lesser-known areas of the Western European wine-growing countries, to Hungary, Yugoslavia, Russia, Bulgaria and Rumania.

Four wines are being shipped from Rumania, all to be retailed at the popular price of 7s. 6d. a bottle. The first I tasted, the Tirnave Riesling, has a pleasant little bouquet, but more body and sweetness than one would normally expect in a Riesling; the Sadova, a rosé, is also sweetish, and has a nice fruity flavour. The red Segarcea Cabernet is pleasantly light with a good balance and will improve with even a short period of ageing in bottle. The fourth, the Muscat Ottonel, was perhaps the least rewarding to taste, but is still good value.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

THE SEASONAL TOURING PATTERN of England has changed in the last few years. No longer, except for those tied to school holidays, are July, August and early September the most popular months. June is now the favourite and, this year, May and even April have been busy in the West Country. Mid-week bookings at hotels, too, are becoming more common, in an effort to defeat the " Saturday rush."

These two changes were brought home to us in a recent tour of Devon and Cornwall—one of the most favoured touring areas in the country and also one that contains a great variety of hotels in attractive and interesting places.

In the first few days of our tour we were delighted to come across *Mill End Hotel* at CHAGFORD. Many hotels have an atmosphere, but seldom have we found such a mellow, peaceful one as at *Mill End*. Perhaps it is due to the fact that the hotel was once a mill (the wheel is still there). It may be the setting—on the banks of the River Teign, well-kept gardens and the Dartmoor National Park on the doorstep.

Whatever the atmosphere is due to, there is no doubt that the present popularity of the hotel with fishermen and those who like an unlicensed hotel with character and quiet distinction is due to the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Holman Dunn. They have carefully renovated and modernised the hotel with taste and an eye to comfort, collected a neat and polite country staff and arranged good, fresh country fare on the menus.

When we stayed there we found everything as it should be in the way of service, food and general comforts—a pointer to the unobtrusive activity of the owners and Mrs. Holman Dunn's hotel background—her brother owns the Toorak Hotel in Torquay.

A delightful country house that we revisited later was *Buckland-tout-Saints Hotel* at GOVETON, near Kingsbridge. An atmosphere of relaxed comfort and welcome pervades this well-preserved Georgian Manor, standing in 27 acres of gardens and parkland and with Salcombe, Hope Cove and Thurlestone within a half-hour's car run. Since Mr. and Mrs. Jack Prime opened *Buckland-tout-Saints* as an hotel some years ago, they have attracted a wide following of discriminating guests who, like themselves, appreciate taste and quality in furnishings, surroundings and good food.

Still in this corner of Devon known as the South Hams, we visited two other hotels that are always popular—both situated near a beach.

At SALCOMBE, *Tides Reach Hotel* is only a few yards from the sands and the view is of the estuary leading to the enchanting land-locked harbour so favoured by yachtsmen. Thus there is always some boating activity to be seen from the picture windows of the dining-room and bedrooms. Apart from its position, another trump card of Tides Reach is the catering, so far removed from the ordinary that lovers of good food and wine come from far and wide. With a new wing of luxury bedrooms and really attentive service, this is a most satisfying anchorage.

Farther round the deeply-indented coastline towards Plymouth is HOPE COVE and the *Cottage Hotel*. Here, again, enlargements and additions have resulted in most attractive accommodation for holiday contentment. Most of the bedrooms face the cove and sea, there are several private bathrooms and the food, personally supervised by the owner's wife, is consistently good.

The ST. MAWES area of Cornwall is well favoured with hotels to accommodate the many visitors to this Roseland Peninsula. Picking one or two at random there is, first of all, *Eshcol House* at PORTSCATHO. Only five miles from St. Mawes, overlooking an unspoilt fishing village, the hotel has completely uninterrupted views of Gerrans Bay as well. Other points that appeal to us in this hotel, where discriminating people can enjoy their holiday without resort attractions, are the new wing of bedrooms with private bathrooms and all with sea views; and the cuisine. Using only the best of produce—as much as possible of local origin—the meals are well prepared and most wholesome, with more than a touch of the Continent about them.

At ST. MAWES itself the *Hotel Tresanton*, elegant, luxurious and individual, is well known. Rooms and terraced gardens overlook the colourful sea and the comfort and tasteful décor of the whole hotel are very much in keeping with the high standards that the management insist on in the way of catering and service.

Cornwall is a county of varying scenery and from the sub-tropical lushness of St. Mawes one can, in an hour or so, be on the rocky cliffs of the Lizard Peninsula, and the sand and surf of MULLION. Overlooking POLDHU COVE, perfect for sun and surf bathing, is the *Poldhu Hotel*. Away in the distance lies the sweep of Mount's Bay, while all around is National Trust property. Certainly a magnificent setting for an hotel that, while never attempting to pander to a chromium age, provides sound and substantial catering allied to modern amenities, friendly management and staff and a welcoming atmosphere.

On the very western tip of Cornwall we came to an hotel that has, in the past, had its ups and downs, but is now very much in the right hands. This is the *Old Success Inn* at SENNEN COVE, only a mile or two from Land's End. Under the ownership of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Taylor, a great deal of work has been put into its rehabilitation. Here Mr. Taylor's training and wide experience in hotel management came into full use and it was not long before his food became known elsewhere in the county. Indeed, we heard of the inn's reputation from a knowledgeable hotelier over on the south coast.

To the good food and wine the Taylors have added and are adding much in the way of bedroom and lounge comfort and—one of the most important points of all—an air of welcome and personal interest that does so much towards making a guest feel at home.

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